The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIV JULY, 1937 No. 7

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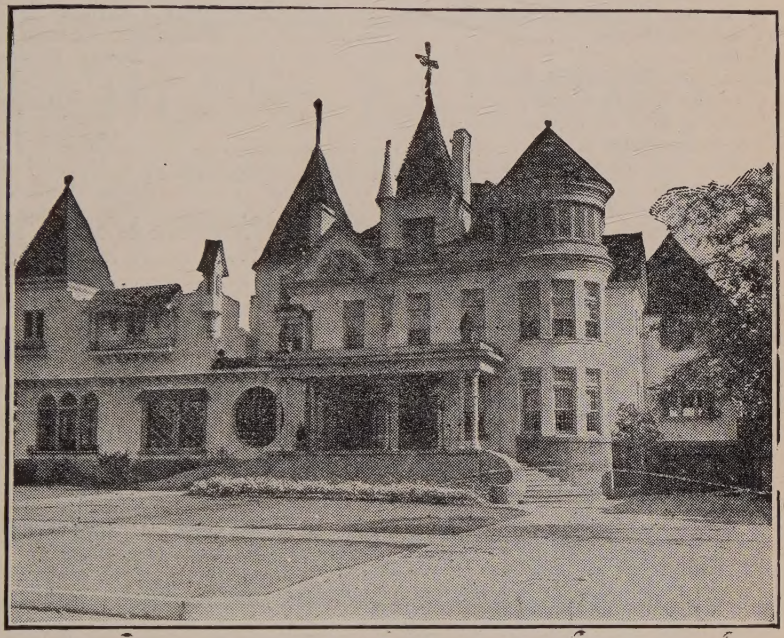

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIV JULY, 1937 No. 7

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PIONEER

By Conrey Bryson

He pauses a moment, alone, at the top of the hill,
And looks at the desert, now heaving its thorn-cluttered breast;
The land that his bruised, aching fingers must conquer and till,
The land of his promise, the spot where his children may rest.

He raises his face to the parching and pitiless sky,
Then hopefully kneels for a while on the blistering sod.
Arising, the dreams of his youth are aflame in his eye.
This powerful man of the plains has communed with his God.

A vision is spreading before him. The pastures are green,
And cities are buzzing in riotous tumult and flare,
Men fighting for gold in the maze of the whirling machine.
The pioneer listens, and knows that his children are there.

His heart stops a moment, alone at the top of the hill.
He walks to the desert. His head now is weary with care.
Does he hear the voice of the desolate farm and the mill?
The "Give us a job" that is rending the hot dusty air?

INEZ KNIGHT ALLEN

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIV JULY, 1937 No. 7

Inez Knight Allen

By Alice Louise Reynolds

INEZ KNIGHT ALLEN, distinguished daughter of distinguished parents, has gone to her reward—the reward of the just in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Her deft hand and full heart touched many phases of community life, and all for good. She wove into the pattern of her life beauty and ideality, and as the pattern unfolded it revealed a woman of skill in many things—a woman of tact in all things —a woman who was a pioneer in three lines of service.

INEZ was born in Payson, September 8, 1876. Her parents were Jesse and Amanda McEwan Knight. She loved and honored them throughout her life. Her deep affection for them was reciprocated by their deep affection for her. It is to be hoped that she has talked over her father's life and character with some one who will in the future be his biographer, else there will be great loss; for no one understood "Uncle Jesse" better than did his daughter Inez. Mrs. Allen received her early schooling in Payson, but so deeply inbued was her father with the spirit of Dr. Karl G. Maeser that he moved to Provo in 1898 that his children might have the advantage of attending Brigham Young Academy.

THEN came her mission, which will always be historic; for she and Mrs. Jennie Brimhall Knight were the first women to be called on missions in the same manner as most women are called on missions today, and not in connection with their husbands.

ON HER return she acted in the capacity of dean of women at Brigham Young Academy, although it was not known by that name at that time. At the same time she served as secretary to her father whose volume of business was daily increasing.

SHE has been an interested and ardent Church worker throughout her life. She began in the Sunday School as a teacher, but was soon taken on to the stake board of the Relief Society where she served as secretary and afterward as counselor to Martha A. F. Keeler, wife of Joseph B. Keeler. In 1918, on Sister Keeler's retirement, she became Stake President which office she held until 1924. She was the first President to employ a trained social worker, and was the leading spirit in the organization of the Community Welfare office still functioning in Utah County. Her administration was of a very high order and un-

usually efficient. It was characterized by a number of innovations, by intelligence and vision.

DURING the war she served as chairman of the Utah County Council of Defense and Liberty Loan Committee. She was Vice-Chairman of the Utah County Red Cross, and in recent years has served on the Utah County Relief Committee.

SHE WAS active in politics. She was the only woman in Utah County ever placed on a ticket for the state senate. She believed that woman should take a part in bettering government whether national or local. Some of us recall the picture of William Jennings Bryan, standing on her mother's porch, urging those who came within the range of his voice to support her for the Senate. They also remember that when he was through, President Heber J. Grant told the throng gathered that were he a resident of Utah County, irrespective of party affiliation, he would support Mrs. Allen. She never went to the legislature, but she did make it possible for others to go and rejoiced at their success; for she lived to see women from both major political parties serve the legislature from Utah County.

She served her party nationally as a presidential elector. She was a delegate to the National Convention held in New York in 1924, and served the state as National Committee woman four years. It was in this capacity that she attended the National Convention at Houston, Texas, in 1928, and at this time her public work became sufficiently significant to give her a place in "Who's Who."

On June 11, 1902, she was married to Robert Eugene Allen.

Mrs. Allen was as outstanding in her domestic life as she was in her public work. She with her husband builded a home from whence five stalwart sons have gone forth, equipped to serve the modern world. Four of those five young men have done service in the mission field. She used to say that her daughters were her sons' wives. Like her sons they are a group of useful and cultivated young women, who will miss her greatly as will her two grandchildren. On Friday, preceding her demise, which occurred on Saturday, June 5, she was at a luncheon, where about twenty-two of her friends were gathered. She talked of her grandchildren, of their proud fathers and fond mothers, and the last word from her lips that fell upon my ears concerned her son Robert and wife who are in Paris, France.

The Allen home was a home of interest and happiness. Often it has been my privilege to dine with the family. Such times were always occasions for me, as I listened to Brother and Sister Allen and their sons and daughters converse together. Sometimes it was serious conversation, at other times it was full of humor, talk that caused a lot of merriment and fun; it was table talk of a very high order.

I HAVE stated earlier in this article that she pioneered in three fields. These fields were missionary work, social work, and the cause of women in social and political life.

HER crowning work for her Church has been in the Relief Society. So diligently did she seek for knowledge in this field that she became a social worker of repute, sought for on county boards and on state committees. By every instinct of her being she was eminently fitted for this work. Born of parents of large sympathy, the driving power of her soul was sympathy. She had

'such great understanding' say many who knew her. 'She could go to the most rural community and put at ease the timid,' say others, 'bringing peace where there had been distress.' Always she saw what was lovely in a situation, and drew one's attention from the unlovely to the lovely. She was a sort of alchemist turning base metal into gold in a spiritual sense. Her success as Stake President of the Relief Society was in all probability due much more to the sympathy she aroused for those less fortunate in life than from any technique she made use of, although she sought and used the most progressive methods in her work.

IT WAS the intellectual acumen blended with fine feeling and deep concern for others that was basic in her success both as an administrator and as a public speaker. She was effective as a speaker, but when she spoke she always warmed hearts and almost as often drew tears from the eyes of her listeners.

MRS. ALLEN was connected with various circles of women: The Brigham Young University Women, the Nelke Reading Club, The Yeasharah Club, which is an organization of lady missionaries, and the Alice Louise Reynolds Club, which she was prominent in bringing into being in 1932. She was four years the Chairman of the Central Committee; she was also a member of Chapter Two, of the Club known as the Alice Louise Reynolds Friendly Circle, all of Provo, and for some time she has been a member of the Friendship Circle of Salt Lake City.

INEZ KNIGHT ALLEN, highly respected, deeply beloved, leaves behind a place that others cannot fill. As she moved about in the various circles with which she has been connected, her face glowed with the love her soul radiated, and the memory of her soul's glow will be a part of the wealth of all who ever knew her as long as there are those remaining who felt her handclasp and who knew her smile.

Some there are who create art, others there are who make of their lives a work of art—she belonged to the latter group.

A TRIBUTE TO INEZ KNIGHT ALLEN

By Sebrina Cropper Reynolds

Dear heart, the tie that binds us ne'er can sever
Though thou the pure, the good art called away
Thy memory lingers—we'll forget thee never
The Father called—we would not bid thee stay.
Go claim the crown of honor and approval
That He a loving Father will bestow.
Our hearts bow down with grief at thy removal
It is so hard dear one to see thee go.
But we will hold forever in remembrance
Thy kindly word, thy genial pleasant smile
Our lives are enriched, inspired because we knew thee
Thy soul was pure—thy life unknown to guile;
Though rich endowed the humble knew thy favor
Thou wert so keen to take the sufferer's part
It was of such as thee, that spoke our Savior
When Christ said: "Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

The Grandmother

By Marguerite Johnson Griffin

SUSAN ABBEY, old, stooped, and gray, walked slowly and with faltering steps toward her daughter's home. She was just returning from Relief Society and the meeting had cheered her and invigorated her while she had been there, although she was in a city far from her old home and lifetime friends. But now as she approached the rambling white house which sheltered her daughter and her daughter's brood of children, the old despair and emptiness returned to lay its hand upon her heart which had known its varied pains and joys, but never this futility which she was feeling now. It was but a few short months since Ira, her beloved husband, had departed from this world, leaving her, an empty-hearted old woman, to go on breathing, eating, and fitfully sleeping, but never again really living, until her days, too, should be finished.

She entered the gate, and weary from her walk, but more weary from the meanderings of her mind, she seated herself on a rustic bench built artistically between two shade trees. There was no need to hurry in. Inside there was nothing for her to do. It was always, "No, Grandmother, you sit down and rest. We'll soon be through." They meant to be kind. And perhaps it was for the best that she be kept from heavy house-work. For her legs were stiff from rheumatic pains, and her hands were quite unsteady.

Before Ira's death, they had lived alone together, the two old people. She had cooked and washed and mended for the two of them quite the same as she had always done, and people had been wont to remark how spry she was. But since Ira had left her, something had happened to her. She felt broken in body and spirit. She wished she might have gone, too. Why must she go on living? She was not needed here. Her children were all self-sufficient, grown, married, some of them with married children of their own. But still she must live on, a burden to herself at least, if not to the children who, she knew, loved her devotedly, and wished to care for her in their homes and make her life as happy as possible.

But a mother's joy is not in being served, but in doing for her children, and when she feels she can no longer do for them, then for her at least life has lost its meaning. So it was with Susan Abbey. Since there seemed to be no future for her to think about, she must needs recreate the past. She had been a pretty girl when she was young, slender and graceful. She looked down at her hands, wrinkled and gnarled. It was hard to believe they could ever have been young. What a priceless thing youth is! Much too precious to be bestowed upon the young who take it so for granted, who never stop to think that it will pass one day. She sighed with the weariness of age. At least it was nice to remember she had been pretty. And Ira! So tall, so straight, so up-right. They had been ideally happy together to the very end.

She thought of her children one by one, the six in their order and the wee one they had laid away in a tiny grave before its life had scarce begun.. What glory, that memory of chubby arms about her neck, of baby laughter, of rollicking, pattering

youthful feet. And then the emptiness as each one had married and they had been left alone, a middle-aged couple growing daily older. But at least they had had each other, and all these things, the sadness and the joy, had welded their hearts into one.

And now he was gone. No wonder she felt only half alive. No wonder life seemed empty, aching. For the sake of her children who were good and kind, she had tried to be brave and smile. All her life she had felt that each human being had enough troubles of his own without being made miserable by another's whining. All her life she had hidden the aches her heart had been called upon to suffer. But now it was almost too hard. For a brief moment she gave herself to the cruelest of all things, self-pity. How she longed for a return of the days when her little brood had been around her. When there had been sticky hands to wash, grimy necks and ears to scrub, hungry little mouths to fill, sleepy eyes to lull to rest. But now her children were doing these things for their children and she was no longer needed. She was in the way, and useless.

BRISK steps upon the walk caused her to look up and strain her near-sighted eyes for recognition. It was Emily, her granddaughter, who had been married less than a year. She did not live very far from her mother so it was no matter for wonder to see her come lightly through the gate, for her visits were very frequent. Nonetheless, the old lady was surprised that the young girl walked straight to her before going into the house. Not so much by that fact perhaps, for all the grandchildren were affectionate toward her, but because of the girl's flushed cheeks and the worried lines upon her usually smooth brow.

"Oh, Grandmother," she said upon a deep-throated sigh, which bespoke more anxiety than words. And after kissing the older woman, she threw herself upon the grass at her feet.

"How are you, Emily?" the old lady asked softly, her mind no longer upon her own troubles, but searching vainly to find what might be challenging the composure of this beautiful young girl, whose heart had always been so light, whose eyes so joyous.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said tersely, and then abruptly gave way to emotions she had tried to conceal. "No. I'm not. I'm miserable, and I've got to tell someone. Grandmother, I'm going to have a baby."

Some happiness leaped up in the old lady's heart.

"A baby," she repeated reverently. It would be her first great-grandchild. A baby's coming meant anticipation, new hope, new life. As long as there were children the world could never grow old. "That is wonderful, Emily," she went on with gently subdued elation. "I'm so glad for you."

"Why, Grandmother? Why are you glad?"

The old woman's bright eyes scanned the young face before her. With keen intuition she said, "In other words, my dear child, you wonder what there is in it to be glad about. In other words you were wishing—"

"Yes, Grandmother, I was wishing it didn't have to be. All my fun, my good times, will be over. There will be work, and restless nights, sickness, worry. Oh, you see, I know what it means. I am mother's oldest. I've had my share of baby tending."

"Yes, of baby tending, perhaps," came the slow gentle voice, "But not of baby loving." The girl started to protest, but the woman hastened on. "Oh, I know you loved them, but

they were your brothers and sisters. You were a child. Now, you are a woman. You will love the wee one with a mother's love which is quite a different thing and quite a wonderful thing, too."

"You're sweet, Grandmother," breathed the girl. "You had your share of babies, didn't you? You'd think you would be tired of them."

"No, child. There is eternal joy in babies. The world would be a dreary place without them to refresh its laughter and dim its pain. So, Emily, be happy about the wonderful thing that is coming to you. You are standing upon the threshold of the greatest experience of your life. True, some people give childhood the credit for being the happiest time. To be sure, it is the most care-free time. But nothing can equal the days when your babies are small, even though they bring years fraught with work and responsibility."

"You make it sound nice anyway, Grandmother," the girl replied somewhat doubtfully.

"Well, you know, dear, the Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me'. In spite of the short time He was given on earth in which to fulfill His mission, He was never so busy that he was annoyed by children's eager prattle. Instead He took them in His arms and blessed them, for, said He, 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' He came to do a vicarious work for us, and so likewise does every mother of man. She does something for another human soul which he could not do for himself. With the goodness of God, she creates for him a human body, and suffers pain that he might enter this life. It is a holy thing, Emily. An achievement to be proud of."

"You're an angel, Grandmother. You make me feel ashamed of myself," she said whole-heartedly. I'll always think of your words whenever I feel wearied by the task. After all, Mother did it for me and for my brothers and sisters. I must be worthy of her. I must be as brave as she."

"And after your baby is here, you will feel that your reward outshines everything, everything," the old lady promised musingly.

From the doorway of the house, Susan's daughter and Emily's mother called. "What are you two doing out there? You better come on in."

"You go in, Emily," suggested the Grandmother. "I want to sit here a little longer, and think a moment," she added almost under her breath.

As the girl skipped lightly away, the woman mused upon the glory of children. What would she do now without her boys and girls, their boys and girls? Then indeed her life might be empty. They were good to her. They loved her. Could they be blamed that their busy lives and flying feet of youth sometimes made them seem unmindful of the ache she bore in her heart? After all, why should they carry her burden? She was a mother and a mother must bear her own problems as well as those of her children. It was human nature. Her back straightened visibly. Yes. She would somehow find the strength to hide her sorrow and not dim the happiness of these younger lives. And then, there was Ira, somewhere, waiting, whom she must make proud of her.

LATER in the evening the young grand-children were in bed and the older ones had gone off to Mutual, when her son-in-law had gone back to the office for a little extra work, Susan sat knitting quietly by the side of her daughter, Martha. The room was calm and still, and Susan felt almost that if she raised her eyes she might see Ira, instead of Martha. sitting by her, poring over the pages of a book. Ira had been

such a student, and many an evening they had spent enjoying quiet just such as this, with her knitting, mending, or sewing, while he read, sometimes aloud, but more frequently to himself. He could cover more ground when he read silently, he said, and his mind could never rest inactively. Good, dear Ira. She wondered if over there they missed the absent ones as much as they were missed here. Perhaps they were too busy, and perhaps they perceived the Gospel Plan so much more plainly that the time did not seem so long. Activity is the best healer of loneliness. But what could you do when your body was old and gnarled, and handicapped you in things demanding much expenditure of energy? What could you do when you could only sit and knit and think?

"Mother—"

Her daughter's voice stopped the channel of her thoughts as always that call from her children had done from the earliest time that they could lisp the word. Her mind was washed clear of all memories and ponderings and waited in attention for her daughter's words.

"Yes, dear," she said.

"Mother," the voice was hesitant and perplexed. "I am in an agony of fear. Emily is to have a baby."

"Yes, I know. She told me. But what have you to fear? She is a good girl. She will make a fine mother."

"Indeed she will. The best," she answered heartily. "But she is so young. It is such a hard ordeal."

"Not as young as you were with your first one. Nor I," she rejoined, apparently without sympathy.

"That is true," murmured Martha as if the thought brought no consolation.

The Grandmother's voice softened gently.

"I know, dear. I know what you are feeling now. I felt it for you, for each one of my girls. You would like to spare her the suffering. But it is a good thing you can't. You would likewise spare her the joys of motherhood."

"Mother, you are right. You are always right. You make me see so clearly. But it is so hard to sit back and watch, and be able to do nothing but wait, all the while knowing what suffering it means."

"But Emily is young and strong. Doctors can offer more help now than they could in your day, or in my day. It may not be as hard as you think. Usually one suffers more fearing a thing than facing it. More things have been worried about than have actually taken place."

"How true! But it takes so much courage," the younger woman pleaded.

"I think," said the Grandmother with misty eyes, "that one of the first lessons a mother must learn is patience. And if she holds fast to it and forgets it not, it will lead her straight to the possession of that courage she needs."

"You are wonderful, Mother," breathed the other woman. "How do you remember such wonderful philosophies for every occasion?"

"I'm afraid, daughter, that I often forget them when I need them most. Patience—It is one of the things I'm afraid I was quite forgetting to hang on to."

"Patience," murmured the other woman as if to fasten it well upon her heart-strings. "Patience."

"Perhaps you would like to know, Martha, what Emily said to me this afternoon. She said she must be as brave as you have always been."

The younger woman's eyes flashed quickly upon the wrinkled face before her, and there was self-reproach burning in them.

"I have much to live up to then, haven't I?" she murmured.

"No more than any other mother," replied the old lady gently. "Our daughters can have no more patience or courage than we ourselves have to impart to them."

"How brave I ought to be, then," breathed Martha, rising abruptly to kiss her mother warmly and affectionately. Then she quickly left the room to conceal the hot tears which were searing her eye-balls.

"What a lot I have been forgetting since Ira died," mused the old lady. "Things he would not have me forget."

SHE had hardly time to collect her thoughts when John, Martha's oldest boy, dashed impetuously into the house. It was hard to believe that Mutual was already over. The evening had passed so quickly. But here was John, and there was hot anger written all over his face.

"Have a nice Mutual, John?" she asked simply.

"Naw," he blustered. "Everything went haywire. It's the basket-ball team. I'm captain, you know. And Dan Marks has had some kind of a feud on with Bill Drake. I don't know what it's all about. But he is jealous because Bill Drake got public credit for a play that Dan takes credit for. Of course, Bill could not have made it if it hadn't been for Dan's fine playing, too. But at any rate Dan's sore, and is quitting the team. That's some sportsmanship, if you ask me. Letting personal feelings enter into a game. Dan's our best player, too. You would think he could be a little more generous to Bill whose playing has never even been noticed before. Well, he can just get out, if he's asking to." John's chin was setting into a hard firm line. "Even if he is our best, we'll get along without him. We'll show him." The youthful face was hot and flushed with passion.

"Of course you can get along without him, John," said the little old lady with calm assurance. "Your team will carry its good work along. That is one thing that is always true. No individual can drop out and ruin the existence of a good organization. Take the Church, for instance. It will go on, regardless of whether you and I do our part in it or not."

"I'll say," remarked the youth, feeling elated that Grandmother agreed with him.

"But even so, son, we must remember that if we don't do our part in the Church, although the Church will still go on, it will not be quite as complete as if we were still within the fold. Now, take your basket-ball team. It will carry on, but will the playing be quite equal to what it was when Dan was on the team?"

"I'm afraid not. That's what worries me. But we can't let him think he is so important—"

"You see, John, the Church needs you and me. Your basket-ball team needs Dan. It's like this. If one of our family, any one, should be taken by death, the rest of us would still go on living, but not quite as before. There would be an emptiness." Her voice trembled faintly at the word. "Our happiness would not be quite as perfect. So it is with the Church and your basket-ball team, when one is missing who should be there."

"Why, Grandmother, I had never thought of it like that before," said the boy with a new light in his eyes. "But how can I make Dan stay?"

"I think it will be very simple. Instead of being afraid of letting him know how important he is to the team—After all that is but a sign of jealousy upon your part—tell him what his work means to the success of your team. Tell him you can't do without him. That will soften his heart, I'll bet you a dollar, and will make him feel good. Everyone likes to feel appreciated. And perhaps if

you are very tactful, you can even straighten out the feud, as you call it, between him and Bill, and you will all be better friends. The best of friendships grow out of conditions which are hard to weather, and every leader must have humility to take the lead in settling disputes, must have the generosity to praise ability and effort put forth by one of his subordinates, and he must know that there is no member, even ever so humble, that he can do without."

"Gee, Grandmother! You're a whizz! "And he, too, kissed her goodnight with boyish bruskness.

SUSAN thought that no compliment had ever been paid her equal to being called a whiz by a boy so young, so full of energy, so full of flashing anger which could mellow as suddenly to impetuous generosity. And as she climbed the stairs to bed that night she was amazed to recall how full her day had been, she who, but a few hours ago, had thought her life hopelessly empty. She saw now that a mother's duties must never end, no matter how old and bent she may get. As long as she lives and breathes there are children to be watched over, grandchildren, and soon a great-grandchild. No. There was no longer dirty faces to wash, but there were gloomy spirits to brighten and angry passions to subdue. There were no longer hungry mouths to feed, but groping souls to nourish with the counsel and wisdom of age. And no matter how old they might be, there would be tears she could dry, not with a hanky as in days past, but with words of consolement and prayers of faith. How busy must a mother be all her days!

"It is not only that I need them now as never before, but they still need me," the Grandmother breathed triumphantly.

And sleep, the sleep of peace and a new purpose in life, brought rest to eyes which so shortly before had wept in mourning, but now would be dried henceforth by the calm patience of courage.

HOME

By Susan T. Jennings

Home need not wear a polished mien,
Nor bear a studied grace
To mark its hospitality
And make it choice of place.

But all its charms and attitudes,
Its welcomings should be
As kingly cloak to garb therein
A fine sincerity.

I care not for its class or cast,
Nor for its warp and woof;
For home is where the heart throbs true
Beneath whatever roof,

What Should Mothers Do?

By Jean Cox

THIS is written from the outside looking in. In a recent article in *Scribner's* entitled "The Modern Woman Goes Home," by Mrs. Ralph Borsodi, a clever analysis is given of the importance that production still plays in the homes of today. In this she questions the net earning capacity of married women outside the home as compared with the women whose major job is homemaking. She has convinced herself that there is both happiness and economic satisfaction in the home production of food, clothing, and laundry.

It is the conclusion of Mr. and Mrs. Borsodi that the average woman who cooks, cans, preserves, bakes, and launders at home for her family produces more wealth than she could produce by earning money. Her own hourly earnings on home work have been so large that she believes that the same sort of cost analysis for nursing, music teaching, and entertainment would prove that the value of her economic contribution *within the home* would be substantially equal to the value of the man's economic contribution *in industry.*

Far too much recognition has been given to the job of money making. This, unfortunately, in Mrs. Borsodi's opinion, has overshadowed many of the human values to which homes contribute and unfortunately this great movement of women into industry competing in many cases with men during the working day has not been an unmixed blessing.

Some thinkers contend it was a costly mistake and as a result home life has been cheapened. Birth of children has been deferred for years, if not indefinitely. Respect for woman's work in the home has been minimized. Some of the very foundations of living have been belittled. In many cases, home standards of living have been cheapened and, unfortunately, made ugly.

Mrs. Borsodi claims that the largest part of the food, clothing, utilities and services needed to live in accordance with the high standards prevailing today can be produced in the home, quality for quality, at a lower cost than they can be procured from the factory system. Her records, covering several years, show that an intelligent woman can easily earn 20 cents to 50 cents per hour year in and year out with no losses for unemployment. The amount earned depends somewhat on the size of the family, standard of living and the amount of work accomplished. In some kinds of production where equipment is satisfactory the earnings per hour range higher than the above figure.

From careful study of canned versus homemade foods Mrs. Borsodi showed that the total earnings in one month in home prepared food over canned was $10.36. Of course, there are some splendid reasons for using canned fruits, vegetables, and meats. By using some prepared foods and preparing others and then comparing the finished meal with down-town meals the average woman, who organizes well and works efficiently, will find that her earning power may range from $1.00 to $1.50 an hour in meal preparation.

In one or two cases her figuring is a bit spectacular; however, the

article on the whole is challenging and well worth reading.

IT is the opinion of the author that where women work long hours in shops or industries, personal and home costs are apt to mount. Lunches and very often dinners are eaten down town. Frequently the family decide that as they are near a theatre a show is advisable. When this becomes a tri-weekly habit the profit from work outside the home dwindles to an uncomfortable percentage. Because home time is limited when the woman works it is frequently decided that entertainment of guests should also be done down town. It takes time and energy to keep up the establishment in first-class shape even with help.

It is so easy to forget to put oil in some of the various and sundry lamps which contribute to a smoothly running comfortable home. There is danger of last minute annoyances from finding empty cans of staple supplies, linens that have been folded too long, dishes grimed with smoke or dust, or silver tarnished from lack of use. Hospitality means pleasure in sharing and company planning is not happily done if one is anxiously waiting for the moment to leave for work or for home.

HOWEVER, far more important for consideration than monetary costs and values is the family building or the human element in homemaking. Traditions which have come down from one generation to the next must be of some value. If the man is to be really the head of the house it is necessary for his ego that he be respected as such. Among the most treasured ideals of family life the man's job has been that of providing. Perhaps it is better after all to give encouragement and confidence that he is still equal to that responsibility for the family. While children are small this is especially important. After all, accepted traditions represent the best from previous generations. Family economic and social havoc may result from throwing overboard too many established principles of successful family life.

In cases of emergency or dire need women have gone into different kinds of industry and carried the working day load in addition to extra responsibilities before and after hours. Unfortunately, however, the lure of associations in stores and offices more often than not keeps the woman on the outside job after the immediate need is passed. During the present depression when the husband remained unemployed many mothers have kept their families off the relief rolls. Contact with many of these fine women brings admiration for sportsmanship and willing sacrifice, as well as administrative ability.

The exceptional childless woman who manages well, who desires a career, and whose husband is more or less married to his job, may be guilty of grave injustice to herself if she does not find some outside means to use up her pent-up energy. However, if this desire for money making and resultant independence carries on for 10-20-30 years let us hope that the sacred bonds of matrimony will not be stretched to the breaking point. In some cases it is true that an extra job in the family adds interest and stimulates give-and-take relationships. There are cases on record, however, where the official head of the family becomes tired of this business partnership and desires a more rested companion to share his interests and approve his ambitions.

There is also grave danger in the home that the over-ambitious, nervous woman may work far beyond

her strength. There are certain eliminations that are good form and failure to see true values is sheer folly. Saving a few cents in payment for labor may result in otherwise unwise expenditure of many dollars for hospital and doctor bills. More important, however, than money waste is the devastating effect on children and husband of living with frayed nerves and almost constant resulting irritability.

Recently a friend made the statement that she did not feel very democratic after she had been around some children raised in private schools as they were so charming and proper. Another woman commenting on children who had been raised in schools abroad expressed her feeling by saying, "Those children have lovely manners and speak several languages beautifully but their emotions seem all bottled up, to me, they are stilted and unnatural." "Half of Bob's pleasure," she continued, "in spelling the words correctly or working his arithmetic problem is running up to me with a man hug and whispering, 'I got all my problems today.' This exuberance means more to me than correct suppression." "Even in private schools," she continued, "there are too few instructors or house mothers to really share successes or sorrows with youngsters." "And then," she asked, "what are mothers for?"

RECENTLY there was a discussion of a financially successful family. The children had attended boarding schools most of their lives. During these youngsters' late adolescence the emotional life of the family landed on the rocks. There was the usual triangle and subsequent divorce. Not to be outdone, the mother remarried. With so little respect for marriage as a holy institution it was not at all remarkable that one of the daughters participated in a runaway marriage. Neither will it surpass understanding if this hasty marital experiment climaxes in a spectacular divorce. The mother had been very proud of a business career which had been unusually successful. During the discussion the question was raised—need there have been a family smash if the mother had remained satisfied with her wife and motherhood responsibilities and kept the family together as a group?

In family life as well as in business dealings it is unethical to "rob Peter to pay Paul." The desire to rob, more often than not, results from over ambition. In questionable big business it is outsmarting the victims. On the sheet it may be petty larceny totaling to only a few cents or a few dollars. In the home it may be gross injustice resulting from shifting personal responsibilities. Can the few extra dollars for a better car, a bigger rug, a desired trip, compensate an inferiority complex in a child caused by being brought up by a disagreeable maid over months or years while mother has a career? Can lack of companionship between husband and wife, mother and children be measured by a few paltry dollars?

There are frequently occasions of special needs when extra money seems imperative. If an ambitious child desires training above all things else, it may be wise to break the accepted routine of living. Sometimes a woman whose desire for beauty or for social advancement have been nearly smothered finds some outlet or change is necessary. These and other examples, however, are not sufficient argument for the number of married women trying to do two jobs. It is the exceptional woman with almost limitless energy who should expect much satisfaction in

dividing time, interest, and energy between her home and the so-called business which in many cases results in unfairness to the different members of the family.

THE mentally, emotionally or physically fagged individual lacks understanding and quick sympathy. Recently a deserted wife who was trying valiantly to earn a living made the comment, "Why do married women want to work and go home too tired to give a decent welcome to husbands or be too weary to more than mumble responses to the recounting of children's various experiences?" "It frightens me," she continued, "for fear my children will think I have lost interest in what they do." "My head throbbed last night after a hard day in the store. Jack's voice broke a bit when he said, 'Mom, you didn't listen, I won't tell you again'." Perhaps this particular incident was unimportant, but what will be the cumulative effect of self-repression on Jack's normal development?

Susan, age four years, is accepted as one of the difficult children in kindergarten. She has what might be called the pouting habit. At home it works. Mother is the first one to leave in the morning and Father is too hurried to resort to first principles of discipline. The two older brothers and one sister, usually hurrying to school make vague promises to her pouting demands in their desire to get to school before the last bell. The last half hour before Susan is on her way with the neighbor's children is most trying for Nora as she frantically tries to get Susan to eat according to orders and only succeeds in irritating the youngest member of the family to tears. With only half enough breakfast Susan is bound to be troublesome until mid-morning lunch when her behavior approaches that of a better conditioned child. After her return home in the early afternoon she demands first one attention and then another but is definitely unhappy because of lack of personal interest and understanding of herself. She is unfortunately an unloved child. Her social-emotional satisfactions are similar to John's definition of a vacuum—"a hole where there ain't nothing."

THERE are comparatively few cases on record where children have been sufficiently divorced from home atmosphere to talk freely in the office or at the business of either parent. Too often offices are devoid of personal effects as well as happy memories. In comparison, the pre-dinner atmosphere at home is usually marked with anticipation and friendliness. Frequently the usual food aromas stimulate confidence. One mother of three boys maintains that the most opportune time for confidences is in the kitchen when she is too busy to seem curious as to what has happened in the past twenty-four hours. A little extra stirring on her part which successfully hides her anxiety usually overcomes any reticence on the part of the child. The name of the latest girl friend comes naturally into the conversation. Plans for the next party come up for approval. It is commonly understood that when Mother and one member of the family are engaged in conversation that there is a recognized "busy" sign on the opposite side of the door. Perhaps paid employees can obtain similar confidences but the evidence fails to show it.

In one home where managing the household was the major responsibility Mrs. A. found that the back living room if she were resting encouraged understanding discussions

and admissions. It must be understood that a feeling of peace and ease are necessary before one person old or young divulges secrets or thoughts that are essentially his. Where a woman works outside the home the time element becomes rather an important one. Just as it takes time to build friendships outside the home it also requires careful attention and interest to maintain rapport among the family group.

Lack of courage sometimes results in children taking a round-about course. The other evening a somewhat bashful four and a half year old wanted to share candy with neighbors. He filled a box from his bag of candy and began passing to his mother. Not quite understanding his hospitable intent she suggested he save his candy until tomorrow. His objection to this fortunately was not overruled so that after passing to the family he finally reached the guests who accepted the proffered gift and expressed appreciation over his thoughtfulness. Thoroughly satisfied with his success in sharing his sweets he soon went happily to bed. Due to the understanding guidance in his home this child, fortunately, is becoming a social individual who plays and works wholeheartedly. He has the advantage of being both understood and loved more than some less fortunate children of his age.

THERE seems to be a growing need for more women to re-evaluate the one full time job not listed as an occupation in the United States Census. It is high time that the opportunities thus afforded in the home of working out satisfactory human relationships be more appreciated. Building healthy bodies, creating wholesome mental attitude, and developing satisfactory habits of work and play requires both leadership and training. Planning and spending the family income affords fine experience in getting money's worth. Satisfactory use of labor-saving devices demand both intelligence and care. Necessary production and utilization of foods, fabrics, and materials demand greater intelligence than many jobs outside the home require. Family building is the biggest responsibility that a woman can have. Success in establishing satisfactory cooperation and harmonious relationships with other members of the family elevates the job of homemaking to a composite one of skilled worker, executive, and teacher. This combination is seldom listed in employment ads.

Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy.—Franklin.

Joy, temperance, and repose, slam the door on the doctor's nose.—Longfellow.

It is better to be neat and tidy than tight and needy.—"Cobbers."

Alcohol is the pick-me-up that lets you down.—"Cobbers."

Growing Old Gracefully

By Beatrice E. Linford

A FEW years ago most people that I saw were older than myself. Now it is quite different, so many I meet are younger than I am. This can mean only one thing, I am growing older. To me that is about the most tragic statement I could make, because all my life I have had a horror of growing old. I think I have dreaded this more than any other thing with which I am confronted.

I do not fear death, although I do not wish to die, now. However, I think I should much prefer death to a tragic, helpless, old-age period. I do not fear famine, war, rebellion or earthquake, but I do fear growing old.

The first question that presents itself is, why does one fear old age with such intensity? It is perhaps because in looking around us we see so many elderly people who have lost their loveliness, their vigor, their strength, they have outlived their usefulness, and are now merely a burden upon their loved ones and associates. While no one is blaming them, it is a sad condition.

Life is so lovely, so beautiful, and there are so many wonderful things in this world to do that one need never lack for something pleasant and interesting to keep him occupied. Just try to imagine becoming at some time in life so tired and feeble that all this beauty by which we are surrounded would no longer be of interest to us.

True gray hairs and wrinkled cheeks are not necessarily the only signs of old age. There are people I know whose hair is snowy white, yet their spirit is as full of happiness and interest as youth. How everyone admires the person who keeps young in spite of the gray hairs and the added weight of years.

On the other hand, we find people who seem to be old when they are born. They seem never to have anything youthful or cheery about them. To be around them is to be ever permeated with a spirit of gloom.

There is one woman in particular who has seemingly been just as old as she is now ever since I was a small child. She wears a woolen petticoat in the summer time for fear she will catch her death of cold, and she never ventures out without a fascinator or two to tie around her head. When the first snowfall appears, she hibernates for the winter and one never sees her except through a tiny crack in the door. She is mortally afraid of fresh air.

Never does she forget a sorrow or grief. She never misses a funeral if she can possibly get to it. She never forgets the death of a loved one, nor will she ever let anyone else forget it. All her life she has enjoyed very poor health and each illness is minutely reviewed for the benefit of each unenlightened friend: then she continually bewails the fact that no one ever comes to visit her.

Thirty years ago she lost a child with pneumonia, she still weeps every time she recalls it. Her husband died, (happy release for him) and she has been weeping ever since, although he was paralyzed for months, and it was impossible for him to ever recover. To me this woman has always been old. If I had to live with her I myself would be old.

Fear old age as I may, I know it is inevitable, and I must face it. So I have tried to build a few rules for myself to prevent such a hasty old age, or at least that I might approach it sensibly. Let us consider together just what we can do about this problem of age. What can we do to keep young or at least to grow old gracefully?

Health is one of the first requirements toward perennial youth, and one of the simplest rules toward health is to eat the proper foods. Let us not allow ourselves to become over corpulent, if it can possibly be avoided. If this does happen, watch the diet carefully, and reduce a few pounds. Our own Word of Wisdom is a pretty good rule to follow if one wishes to keep young, because proper living tends toward health and beauty. Famous beauty experts are beginning to recognize the value of keeping the Word of Wisdom as taught by the "Mormons."

Exercise, keep active; it is a serious thing to allow one's self to become stiff and inactive. If health permits, long walks should be taken daily in the open air. If you dance, continue to dance; if you skate or ski or swim, play golf, tennis, or like horse-back riding, keep on doing them; do not cease because you are a little older. These things keep the muscles from growing flabby and old.

It is a good plan to keep busy, to always have some interesting work to do. Of course, we all have our daily tasks, but we need a change from them or they become monotonous. There are hundreds of interesting things to do outside of our daily routine, so many that space will not permit an enumeration of them all. A flower garden to dig in, with tender plants to care for and nourish into gorgeous blooms is a good suggestion. A vegetable garden is even a better suggestion. Raising a garden of any kind is a splendid way to keep young, or to forget trouble.

Let us join a cultural club, literary, flower garden, mother's, art, or any club where we will have something interesting to plan for and interesting people to cultivate.

Next we must take an interest in community affairs, the school, the church, the government of city, county, state, and nation. We must keep alert to events transpiring in the world. We must try to keep just ahead of our children, but if they succeed in getting ahead of us let's not allow them to find it out.

We should read a few minutes every day, fifteen minutes is what Dr. Elliot prescribed. We must be sure to get this in even if it has to be done after retiring at night. Reading helps to keep us alert. "As a man thinketh so is he!"

Other interesting things that might be done are, taking music lessons, or learning to paint, carve or model in clay. A class in applied art would be interesting, or learning to write, dance, or speak French. Perhaps you think I am insane to make such suggestions as these to ageing people, but I have seen middle-aged women take dancing, and music lessons both, and make a success of them. We know that the old-fashioned idea that people grow too old to learn is all out of date.

Whatever we do we must not grow lazy and lose interest in our surroundings. Having something to do worth doing and loving to do it is the greatest joy of life.

For our next venture let's doll up a bit, change the style of our hairdress, part it in the middle or cut it. We might get a permanent wave, use a little rouge, lipstick and wear earrings. We should make our clothes

in the latest style and set them off with little bunches of gay flowers. Let's get us some nice perfume and manicure our nails, and it will be surprising how the years will suddenly drop away when one begins to primp up a little. Then after we are all dressed up, let's get our husbands to take us to the opera, to the dance, or to whatever is going on, and make up our minds to enjoy it.

Association with young people helps to keep one young. Attend Relief Society, Sunday School, or Mutual and be one with the class in their parties. Partake of their youthful enthusiasm, joy, and spontaneity; laugh as they do, and grow young again as you guide them to beautiful maturity.

The next prescription is to be happy. We should not let little things worry us and should learn to laugh away the big troubles. "When the day is gloomy sing some happy song", are the words of a song which is certainly good advice to all who would keep young. We should cultivate the habit of smiling at everyone we see. Some modern beauty critics tell us that smiling causes wrinkles, but if it does, the wrinkles obtained through smiling will be turned up rather than down, and on the face rather than in the heart. Whatever we do let's keep the wrinkles out of our heart, because after all is said and done old age like real goodness cometh from within. The poet tells us that age is a quality of mind.

AGE

"Age is a quality of mind
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition fires are dead,
Then you are old.

"But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you see the jest,
If love you hold,
No matter how the years roll by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old."

Added to this we should strive to do some kind act every day or at least every opportunity that presents itself. We might send a tray of lunch to a sick neighbor or a freshly baked pie or a new loaf of bread to another. We can send a flower to a lonely old lady, call a friend on the telephone, send a birthday greeting to a loved one, or a cheery verse to one who is sad. We can speak kindly to someone who is unfortunate, and all these things will bring a deep content and satisfaction that makes for true happiness, and the truly happy are never old.

After all is said and done the only things we really keep in life are those we give away. So let us share our youth and happiness with everyone, then will they truly be ours.

GROWING OLD

By Filindia S. Huff

Dear Lord; I do not care if I am growing old;
For I can take with me down through the years,
The beauty of a younger day.
Though hair grow white, and footsteps lose their grace,
I still may laugh at childhood's happy face,
At morn I pluck a rose;
And though its leaves may wither and decay;
I still may smell its fragrance down to the
End of day.

The Lotus Eater

By Mabel S. Harmer

CHAPTER 11

HELEN was tremendously relieved to have Monday morning arrive so that she could begin her work. It had rained all day Saturday and Sunday and the valley had looked grey, sodden and desolate. Helen found herself desperately fighting a threatened case of homesickness and wondering if spring would ever really come and take her back to the luxurious golden sunshine of California. The Rileys had been very cordial to her but there was no one in the family anywhere near her own age with whom she might be congenial and after all, it was their business to make her comfortable and not to supply her with mental diversions.

She had spent part of Sunday reading the few magazines she had brought with her and had written a letter to Wayne Kent whom she facetiously called "the boy I left behind me" but when she had attempted to write a letter to the folks at home, the state of her feelings began to show in the letter so she stopped for the time being. She was not going to let them know that she was homesick if she could help it.

She dressed carefully for school, brushing her fair hair until it shone and putting on a soft blue blouse that matched her eyes. She wanted very much to make a good impression on her students and remembered that when she had been little she had always liked the pretty teachers the best.

There were two other teachers at the school, one for the primary grades and a man who acted as principal and taught the upper grades. Helen found herself assigned to the third, fourth and fifth grades with nearly thirty students. She felt bewildered and almost helpless and wished that her training had consisted less of theory and more of practice. She finally struggled through the day, however, and said goodnight to her young charges as pleasantly as if the day had been altogether a happy one.

FLORENCE CALL, a local girl who taught the younger children, came in to find Helen seated at her desk trying to rub some of the weariness out of her forehead.

"How did it go?" she asked pleasantly, perching herself on one of the student's desks.

"Perfectly terrible," said Helen with a doleful look. "Does it ever get any easier and does one ever get used to this job?"

"Of course it gets easier. The first day is always confusing but you'll soon get the swing of things. There are always problems like the Morris boy who seems to live only to plague the teacher, and Jeanie Welch whose nose always needs attention, and Ben Roberts who insists upon bringing various live pets to school and—"

"Oh, don't tell me any more," interrupted Helen throwing up her hands, "I won't sleep tonight if you do."

Florence laughed. "It isn't all disagreeable," she said. "There are lots of pleasant things about the work too."

"I hope so," sighed Helen, "I'll need a few."

"Do you think you are going to like it out here?" continued Florence sociably.

"I've got to like it," answered Helen a bit grimly. "I'd die if I had to live nearly a year in a town that I didn't like. I'll be all right though, as long as I can keep busy. I found out long ago that its usually the people with nothing to do who are unhappy."

"Oh, we always manage to keep busy out here even if we do live in the country," said Florence. "There are dances on Saturday nights. Later on there'll be sleighing parties and we can see the best movies made by driving five miles over to Riverton. Would you like to go to the dance with us this week?"

"I'd love to." answered Helen. "but will it be all right for me to go without an escort?"

"Perfectly all right. We don't stand upon ceremony out here. Anyway—you'll soon have an escort."

"Really! And to whom will the honor go?" Helen asked highly amused.

"Jo Bevers. He always takes out the school teacher."

"I think it's funny," chuckled Helen, "the way everything is prearranged for me. Billy Prentiss took me straight to Riley's because that is where the teacher always stays and he assumed that eventually I would marry and settle down here because the teacher always does and now you tell me that I already have a beau. Do all the teachers conform to the pattern?"

"Not quite all," admitted Florence with a smile, "but most of them do."

"Well I shan't," said Helen with finality, "but anyway I'll be most happy to go to the dance with you."

FOR a week Helen left the schoolroom each night to go home and spend the evening reading or writing letters in her tiny room. The Riley's seemed to spend most of their time in the large kitchen and although they urged her to "make herself at home" she always felt like she was intruding when she ventured back there. By the time Saturday evening arrived she was thoroughly tired of her own room and looked forward to going to the dance more so than she could remember having done in years.

She felt the eyes of almost everyone in the hall upon her when she walked in with Florence and her friends and knew that they were being more or less critical of her so she made a special effort to appear friendly and unassuming. She was most anxious that she be liked by the people of the little community during her stay there.

The hall was crudely finished and the music, without any doubt, the worst that Helen had ever danced to but everyone seemed to be having an especially good time and she was certainly in the mood for one herself.

Her dancing partners were plentiful and of all descriptions. The first one announced himself as a cowboy "just turned loose off the range" and most of the rest of them fell into the same category. Usually they danced well, however, and as soon as they found out that "the girl from the city" wasn't going to be "high hat" with them they were cordial and friendly.

She was keenly interested early in the evening to notice the young

man who had helped her over the fence the week before eyeing her rather solemnly from a distance. He was tall and well built with very dark eyes and hair and a much more sensitive looking face than Helen had expected in a cowboy, which she supposed he was. She rather imagined that she would like to dance with him but he made no effort to seek an introduction nor even to speak to her.

The dance was half over when Florence said with proper emphasis, "Miss Burt, may I present Mr. Bevers?"

Jo Bevers had been away to school and now worked with his father who owned the general store. He lacked the bronzed complexion of the other boys who spent most of their time out of doors. He was better dressed and carried such an air of superiority that Helen felt an almost uncontrollable desire to slap him. She danced with him instead, however, and made herself fairly agreeable.

She also danced a second time with him but when he came up the third time she thought it was about time she nipped the apparently incipient courtship in the bud so glancing around she said, "I believe I am dancing this with someone else." The tall, dark man had moved a trifle closer and walking a few steps over to him she said, "Isn't this our dance?"

"Er—sure," he answered after a moment's hesitation. They danced around the hall in silence once and then he said, "I suppose I had better introduce myself. My name is Dan Marshall."

"I know," said Helen frankly, "I asked."

"He looked at her with a puzzled air for a minute and then asked, "Why did you want to dance with me?"

"I didn't especially," was Helen's surprising answer, "although I am very glad to have a chance to thank you for helping me out the other evening. I just didn't want to dance with someone else."

"Oh, I see," he said and then added with just a tinge of sarcasm. "I'm glad to be of service at any time when you need help in escaping from wild animals or undesirable dancing partners."

"Are you disagreeable to everyone?" Helen asked, looking up at him and wishing that he would guide rather than push her around the hall.

"No," he answered shortly.

"Oh—just to me then." It was more a statement than a question.

The floor leader saved him from replying by suddenly calling "grand right and left" and they separated to go around the hall in different directions. Helen was a bit chagrined that they had parted so unsatisfactorily.

IN the week that followed she met Dan Marshall often at parties and dances and always he treated her with an aloofness that she found most provoking. All of the young people of the community were most friendly and invariably included her in their merrymakings with this one exception. Dan seemed to have a positive determination to treat her coolly.

She was not sure whether it was this that formed the basis of his attraction for her or whether she was really interested in him for himself but she had to admit that he held decidedly more attraction for her than did any of the other young people of the town. For that matter, she could never re-

member ever before having had the same feeling for anyone that she had for Dan. Her friendship with Wayne Kent at home had been only a High School boy and girl affair, at least that was the way she had always regarded it, and there had been only a few other casual friendships with boys. Now, however, she frequently found herself daydreaming of Dan Marshall and thinking that it might be very thrilling to fall in love with someone like him.

He looked so strong and capable that she could fancy him doing his work in the great out of doors with a minimum of effort. He had a slow smile that seemed to come as much from his dark eyes as from his lips and Helen found herself wishing that he would direct it at her more often.

Contrary to Florence's prediction she did not accept the attentions of Jo Bevers and hoped that eventually Dan would show more interest in her, but as the winter wore on he continued to treat her in the same distant manner.

HELEN was at once amazed and delighted with the snow that came early in November and eventually grew so deep that it covered the fence tops. She loved nothing better than to get into a large bobsleigh with plenty of warm quilts and go singing down the country roads on crisp frosty evenings. Her struggle to keep warm with the little black heater in her room was another matter and there were mornings when she thought that she would undoubtedly freeze before she was able to get a fire going. There were times when she found it best not to think of California with its sunny skies and roses blooming in midwinter.

On the whole, however, she accepted it all in the spirit of adventure and thrilled to each new experience. Next to bobsleighing she loved the times when the crowd went coasting up on the hillside. There was something about skimming down the long white expanse that almost took her very breath away, and the ravenous appetite that such an excursion produced was sure to be delightfully appeased with oyster stew in someone's hospitable kitchen later on.

ONE moonlit night when she had joined the young people for a coasting party, Helen had trudged up the hill a dozen times for the joy of whisking down again over its icy whiteness. Dan was in the crowd as usual, and as usual had kept a safe distance away from her. They had decided to go down only once more before going home and when Helen reached the top she saw Dan sitting on his sled about to start out alone. In an impulsive moment she ran and flung herself down in front of him and the sleigh started off.

Dan swung away from the course they ordinarily followed and took a path down the side of the hill that was much longer. The force of the swiftly moving sled threw her back against Dan and she felt a surge of emotion go through her that was both exquisite and painful as his arms tightened in her support.

As they sped on Helen had a feeling that she was traveling through space. She wished that it might never end and then suddenly saw that it was about to end quickly and perhaps disastrously. A fence loomed in front of them that had been so nearly hidden by the snow that they had

failed to see it until it was too late to stop. Dan attempted to slip off the sleigh and pull Helen with him but before he could do so they struck a post and Helen was thrown several feet onto the snow.

She was stunned for a few moments and lay quite still. Then she felt Dan lifting her up and crying frantically, "Helen, oh Helen, are you hurt?"

She kept her eyes closed for a moment longer fearing to break the spell and when she finally looked up there was such a look of anxiety and love in Dan's eyes that her heart pounded up into her very throat. She smiled faintly at him as she asked, "Would it matter?"

"Matter?" he echoed, "Oh my dear!" He held her hungrily for a moment and then released her.

"What is it Dan?" asked Helen touching his arm ever so lightly.

"He looked back at her with tightened lips. "I don't dare to love you," he said, "You should know that."

"And why don't you dare?" she asked breathlessly.

"Our lives have been too different. You are refined and educated. All I could offer you would be a home out here in this wild country. It wouldn't be enough for you."

"It would be—with you," she said softly, smiling up at him.

"Helen, are you sure? Do you realize what you would be giving up?" Dan's voice was tense as if he were trying to burn the words into her consciousness.

"I realize that I love you, that nothing else matters," she answered.

(To be Continued)

A Day For The Old Folks

By Marie J. Maher

THE custom of having Old Folks' Day, I am told, started back in '76, or thereabouts. It happened this way:

Mr. McCune and Mr. Savage were walking along a street of Salt Lake City, nodding and smiling in a friendly manner to all whom they met. Finally they turned in at the home of one of their old friends to bid him the time of day, only to find none of his family home except the real little ones, who were being cared for by their grandparents.

"When do you take your outing?" inquired Mr. Savage of the grandmother.

"Oh," she smiled, "Our days for good times are over. If we get enough to eat, a fire in winter to sit by, a cradle to rock, we have our pleasure."

The two men walked on down the street to find many other cases where the old folks were taking care of their grand-babies while the parents were away. There were no complaints from these elderly baby-tenders. They were cheerful and happy about it.

"Seems to me," said Mr. McCune, "these old folks should have their day, too."

"You are right," said Mr. Savage. "We must see that they have an outing, also!"

UNLIKE so many generous ideas that are talked about but never materialize, this one went through,

for these two men gathered others together, and planned the first Old Folks' Day.

All the old people met in a grove that first year, and they have met one day each year ever since in all the towns of Utah, on the most convenient day for the individual communities.

ON Thursday, the eighteenth of June, 1936, Ogden honored her old folks, and nearly two thousand of them gathered in Lorin Farr Park. No attention was paid to nationality or religion: the only passport needed was Old Age. The honored guests must have seen at least seventy years. Those between seventy and eighty years were given a red badge, from eighty to ninety a blue one, and a few proudly wore the white badge, showing that they were ninety years old or more.

THIS was my first Old Folks' party, and my friends and I arrived early. At ten minutes to eleven there were a few workers on the grounds, setting up cookstoves and refrigerators, and arranging the easy chairs and sofas for the infirm. The leaders of the different wards were there, and committee women hurried to and fro.

Then it was eleven o'clock and cars began rolling into the grounds, from long shining cars down to little shaky one-ton trucks, all disgorging old people. Some of them were straight and sprightly, some leaned on others for support, a few were carried in on stretchers. Wheel chairs were common. One man came in staring straight ahead of him, looking neither to the right nor left. We thought he might be too aristocratic for the common herd, but found later that he always stared straight ahead of him from necessity.

FORTY tables, each seating about that many people, were laid under the shade trees, and without benefit of place cards one found oneself (miraculously) seated beside some old friend one had loved but had not seen for years.

Dinner was served promptly at twelve, and no one who ever sat at one of those tables will ever forget it. Baked ham such as no Kentuckian ever excelled; fried chicken —huge platters heaped with golden-brown, delectable portions which were pressed upon us until we felt like crying, "Help!" Every variety of vegetable was represented at that dinner.

Then the tables were cleared, and dark and white layer cake was passed; and when white layer cake is good it is a family tradition. To top the feast, we were served strawberries and ice cream.

HAPPY from plenty of good food and congenial company, the grandmothers and grandfathers, with a liberal sprinkling of great grandmothers and fathers, wandered in clusters of twos and threes from ward to ward assemblage, greeting old friends.

ENTERTAINING programs were now put on for the guests; the songs they had loved long ago were sung again. As I passed one group a strong young voice was singing a humerous song and the old people beating time with their feet.

Walking on, I found the scene changed. This ward was sentimental; the old folks seemed to enjoy themselves immensely being sad. Some were even wiping their eyes as they sang, "In a corner obscure and alone, they have whetted a slab of the granite so gray, and Sweet Alice lies under the stone."

At another place "Roll Along, Prairie Wagon, Roll Along," fairly shook the ground.

IN some parts of the grounds the guests were just visiting. There was no one here to frown on grandma when she held the center of the stage, telling about her infirmities. Home remedies were freely discussed, and the days recalled when there were no hospitals and the midwife brought into the world the future statesmen, lawyers, and doctors.

One pioneer with flowing beard and dimmed eyes recalled the time when he was camping by a road in Idaho, and a young Indian and his squaw came along:

"The woman appeared very ill. I invited them to come and eat, and gave them bread, coffee and bacon. Pretty soon the young squaw, without comment, got up and went off alone into the sagebrush. We hitched up our teams and prepared to clear camp, but before we drove on the young Indian woman came back carrying a tiny, new red papoose in her arms. The Indian women are 'heap strong'," he observed.

"Another time," this pioneer related, "a band of my mules got away from me, and joined a herd of wild Indian ponies, up in the Reservation north of Pocatello, Idaho. I asked some Indians to try to get my mules back for me, which they did. As a reward, I gave each one of them a red shirt which pleased them mightily, and for a long time afterwards a red shirt was not an uncommon sight on an Indian."

"Those were the days of quick shooting," observed another old timer, "Many of the pioneers carried forty-five calibre revolvers. The cost of them was about forty-five dollars in Salt Lake City. We used to practice shooting, never taking aim, but just shooting by instinct. I could drive a tack at three rods with one of those six-shooters."

Next I paused to listen to two old ladies exchanging reminiscences of the early days: "I was sent to a neighbor's to get a candle mold, and delayed to play with the children instead of starting for home at once. At last I noticed the sun had set, and grabbing the mold, I lit out for home. I had to go through some timber, and I heard wolves howling somewhere in it. I was so scared that chills chased each other up and down my spine. I imagined I saw long gray shadows through the trees. The most welcome sight of my life was my brother coming on horseback to meet me, yelling like a Commanche Indian."

The other old lady said, "When we need a paper of pins now we order them from the store, but I mind the time when my sister and I picked long thorns off'n the gooseberry bushes. And they made good pins, too. And do you recall how we forked potatoes out from the hills of new potatoes with a table fork? If we didn't have any luck, there was no supper that night."

THE busy committee ladies were helping the old folks up to the tables for their second meal that day. They were growing weary from so much talking and excitement. But sound sleep would visit their couches that night as a result of their glad day spent in the open.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JULY—Rich in her summer loveliness Earth gives a clarion call to her festivals.

LADY NANCY ASTOR, American born Viscountess and first woman to sit in the British parliament has had conferred upon her by King George VI the Order of the Companions of Honor, for conspicuous service of national importance.

QUEEN ELIZABETH is fond of dancing. Her favorite is the waltz which will be most popular during coronation year.

AGNES DAVIS, who won the Atwater Kent Radio audition this year, made her debut as Elsa in "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan last May.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT showed again her philanthropic spirit in suggesting the purchase of a wheel chair for a crippled girl with the money contemplated for flowers for herself.

INEZ KNIGHT ALLEN of the Relief Society general board who died last month was a choice and valiant daughter of the Church and State; dearly loved and deeply mourned.

WINIFRED HATHAWAY of New York was awarded the 1937 Leslie Dana gold medal for outstanding achievements in the prevention of blindness.

NELLIE TAYLOR ROSS presided at the dedication ceremonies of the U. S. mint in San Fransisco. "Time Marches On" and so does the status of women.

ELIZA LUELLA UDALL, Relief Society president of St. John's stake for 35 years, and first presiding officer over the women in the Arizona Temple died last spring. Her life was full of service and sacrifice.

ELEANOR FARJOEN'S latest book "Humming Bird" is an imaginative fantasy as quaint as "The Old Curiosity Shop" and as delicate as a Watteau picture.

E. M. DELAFIELD, English novelist in her new book "I Visit the Soviets," maintains her delightful style of story telling in giving the reader a true picture of her Russian travels. She also causes one to feel it is better to read about Russia than live there.

WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE has published "I Live and Breathe" a charming southern story, rich with humor and amusing descriptions.

OLGA MORRIS' "Windswept," Edith Roberts' "Candle In The Sun," and Queen Marie's "Marks" are some recent books for vacation reading.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY'S new volume of poems called "Conversations at Midnight" will be a welcome book to the lover of poetry.

MARJORIE HILLIS' "An Orchid On Your Budget Or Live Smartly On What You Have" is destined to be as popular as the best seller "Live Alone And Like It" by the same author.

Recollections of the Lion House

By Edith Young Booth

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

HOW often have these lines struck a responsive chord as I recall my impressions of the dear old Lion House in my childhood.

At that time my Grandmother, Harriet Elizabeth Cook Young, occupied six rooms of this historic mansion. Her kitchen and dining room were on the ground floor, on the west side of the second floor she had her parlor and one bedroom, across the hall east was her guest chamber, and a portion of the third story she occupied as a combined library and storeroom. In the latter, popular magazines of that period, *Peterson's, Family Herald, Bow Bells,* and *Perry's,* as well as the local church publications—*Woman's Exponent,* and the *Juvenile Instructor* were piled up by years to be read during her leisure time. The door to this room was locked, and only on rare occasions were any of us permitted to enter.

Because of frequent searches during the "raid" by United States deputy marshals, my father was invited to bring his family to live in some of Grandmother's and Aunt Twiss's rooms for about a year.

I vividly recollect the cellar room in the southeast corner of the ground floor, and the laundry room in the west center of the same floor where were found such conveniences as running water, tubs and a stove with large brass kettles, etc.

The green door shutters, the long dark halls, the wide staircase, always filled me with delight, mingled with awe. Once I dared suggest that I slide down the banisters, but Grandmother very sternly told me not to do this, stating that Grandfather Young would never have approved of such an undignified action. Likewise, when I swung on one of the huge doorknobs, she immediately stopped me with the same admonition.

I knew very little of the great pioneer's life at that time, but I received the deep impression from her, that whatever he disapproved of, I should refrain from doing.

Before Grandfather's death it was the custom of the family on going out at night to take their own lamps and place them on a table in the hall near the front door while they were away. As each one came in, he took his individual lamp to his own room and the last one in locked the door for the night.

GRANDMOTHER was aristocratic in appearance and nature, and although she lived by herself, she never once ate a meal without a clean white tablecloth. In fact her table was "laid" with a castor in the center containing salt, black and white pepper bottles, vinegar, mustard and oil, plate, knife, fork and a goblet, with her napkin in a silver ring, ready to be used at the next meal. These she covered with another white cloth.

That was always my impression of the table when I visited her alone, after our family had moved back to the farm. Although just a tiny girl,

this appealed to me as a very sensible thing to do. I thought, with a sigh, how easy setting the table would be if we at home could just put the dishes back on the table, and avoid the trouble of taking them out of the cupboard again.

Then it seemed so nice and quiet for a change to have the two of us eating together instead of our noisy ten. And the things we had to eat! Bakers bread, or "store bread" as it was then called, was practically unknown to us, and to have Grandmother give me a dollar, and send me to Scrace's Bakery (oh that name, how many happy recollections it recalls) and buy bread, cakes and pies indeed gave to an eight year old girl a thrill that has never been forgotten.

A SORT of religious feeling came over me whenever I sat on one of her Mohair chairs, or the settee in the parlor. They appeared so grand, and the bright parlor carpet, which was of a large red and green pattern, made me even more appreciative of the fact that Grandmother lived in Salt Lake, or as some of the country folk called it then, "The City."

My oldest sister, Rose, stayed with her for three months one winter, and I remember very well visiting them for a few days. How I loved to sleep in those beds with the high backs, and how the washstands, yellow like the woodwork, and woodboxes near the fireplace added to the coziness of the bedrooms.

IN each of the bedrooms was one of the Lion House parlor chairs, the most comfortable to sit upon I have ever tried. One of these priceless heirlooms is in my possession.

THE thrill which my sister Stella and I received by being permitted to sit on the lion in front of the house is one still bright in my recollection. My father, Oscar B. Young, explained the significance of the lion's being placed on this home. In Vermont his father's birthplace, all well-to-do-farmers had a symbol on their dwelling, and these were known far and wide. This tradition was perpetuated in both the Lion and Bee-hive Houses. Grandfather had always greatly admired the lion's bravery and majestic appearance, and the industry of the bee.

How I loved to go through the high rock wall in front of the Lion House, and the huge wide gate with the heavy iron latch.

TRIPS to the tithing office store were another interesting feature. Produce both of the farm and shop, and merchandise were all received as tithing in those days. Eggs, meat, butter, could be obtained at this church institution.

The barns at the rear of the Lion House were used by us as playhouses, particularly the hay loft, as there were very few animals kept there in those days.

Large lawns were laid out on the west side of the building, on these my brothers and sisters also spent many happy hours in play .

There were small porches or tiny balconies on the west of the Lion House upstairs, where I used to love to stand and gaze at the Angel Moroni, and the glorious Salt Lake Temple. No Hotel Utah obscured my view then, and how reverent I felt, and often wondered if I would ever be privileged to enter that wonderful building, and be married for time and eternity, and do work for the dead.

Such were the thrills and happiness for the blessing of knowing my Grandmother, and being in the Lion House when it was used as a home!

Little Moments of Eternity

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

BANNERS

Take Time For Loyalty

By Lella Marler Hoggan

"By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory."

—*James Whitcomb Riley.**

OUR forefathers pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the cause of liberty and justice in the new world. It was a solemn moment when they entered into that pact and affixed their names to that immortal document. What c o u r a g e and fortitude and strength of character that test must have demanded. What a great undertaking it was for that little handful of God-fearing patriots to enter into the struggle that would redeem their pledge and would establish for us this glorious nation.

Only a soldier who has faced the battle front can realize the physical hardships and mental strain they must have endured. Had not Washington glimpsed the vision of triumphant freedom, in that crucial hour at Valley Forge, the high efforts of that heroic band might have ended in a broken dream.

And again, when the fate of the nation was in the balance, Lincoln's spiritual insight restored the tottering structure of State. His message revealed to America the high standard of liberty that was becoming enshrouded in doubt and fear. The heart of democracy was touched by his plea, "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

That call is re-echoing down the years to all true Americans today. Will its clarion notes counteract the spirit of unrest that is abroad in the world?

A LAWLESS element sweeps through the land. Unprincipled men would fain overturn the ancient creeds, scrap the basic institutions of society, and tear to bits the sacred documents of law and order. This insidious force is attempting to undermine the very foundation of the temple of liberty. But that holy structure is builded on a groundwork broad and deep. It is made of enduring stones of character and high purpose, cut by the hands of heroic patriots. Whole-souled sacrifice and prayerful humility entered into the construction of that divinely patterned sanctuary. It is built to stand against all of the

unholy designs and chaotic schemes of unscrupulous minds, providing that "we, the people," faithfully discharge the solemn obligations with which we have been entrusted.

IT is an essential part of our freedom, a solemn duty that we owe to our illustrious dead, that we shall take time to review their struggles and recall the great price that they paid for the privileges we now enjoy. This grateful heritage has come to us so easily, without effort on our part, that we, perhaps, accept it somewhat thanklessly.

We must remember that the American flag is more than a piece of painted linen. It cost long years of pain and sacrifice and sturdy endurance to place those stars and bars on that sacred banner. It is emblematic of the highest American idealism. It has come down to us unsullied. Should we not make it our solemn obligation to revere and guard it, and to hold secure for generations yet unborn the spirit of liberty and freedom that it proclaims to the world?

Representative America still clings to the faith of its fathers. Our medium of exchange still bears the inscription, "In God We Trust." A bulwark of strength continues to surround the sacred rights and institutions that the nation has so dearly purchased. These ideals and traditions are patterns that must not be lost but be cherished and wrought into the lives of each succeeding generation.

"O blessed land of labor and reward!
O gracious Ruler, let Thy reign endure:
In pruning-hook and plow-share beat the sword,
And reap the harvest sure!"
—James Whitcomb Riley.**

*Name Of Old Glory: From Home Folks, by James Whitcomb Riley, Copyright 1900, 1928. Used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

**Soldiers Here Today: From Fugitive Pieces, By James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1914. Used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

SONNET

By Alice Lee Eddy

"Earth turns no beaten wanderer from her breast
But heals him with her sunshine and her rain."
She comforts him with hills and fields of grain,
Refreshes him with lake and mountain crest,
Soothes him with snows, and perfumed winds Spring-blest.
No bleeding prodigal has sought in vain
The solace of her silences, or lain
Upon her verdant bosom without rest.
She strengthens him with discipline of toil,
Renews his courage with the marching years.
Some primal alchemy in warm black soil
Blots out the bitterness of dismal tears.
No one so vile but night can hide his scars,
And none so low he cannot know the stars.

The Great White Throne

By H. R. Merrill

AMONG the wonders of Utah two that are widely known are the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and the Great White Throne. The one is in Salt Lake City, the other in Zion National Park, more than 300 miles away. Many interested people have dreamed of getting the two together. Obviously, the Throne could not be moved; therefore, it became necessary, if the miracle was to be worked, to transport the great choir to the Throne.

Many agencies cooperated and on May 30—Memorial Day—the great choir with its officers, conductor, and accompanist went to Zion to broadcast from the foot of the Great White Throne.

Though it scarcely ever rains in Zion National Park, it did on Decoration Day, adding to the difficulties to be overcome. It was a lovely day, however, for the artist, the musician, and the poet. Zion was in one of her lovely moods.

Long before time for the services to begin the automobiles rolled into Zion to be on the spot when the great choir should get into action. Thousands wanted to hear the melodies of Zion fill the City of Zion. They wanted to hear the melodies roll up Angel's Landing and reverberate back against the mighty walls of the Great White Throne.

WE HAD spent our night at Bryce, going over to Zion in the early morning. It was raining when we entered Long Valley and continued to rain as we approached the portals of Zion. It was lovely, however. The rain made the green greener and washed the world clean, leaving only sweet fragrances of joyful growing things. The pines and the cedars filled the air with incense.

As we drove down toward the tunnels our joy increased. Rain had washed the cliffs absolutely clean until every seam and fissure and crack could be seen. Those great stone mountains were transformed into beautifully sculptured and ornamented pieces of architecture. Flowers—great white and pink penstemons—were everywhere clinging to the crevices where there was a spoonful of soil. All were in bloom making the place a lovely fairy garden whose massive walls disappeared into the over-hanging mists.

Out of this fairy land we slipped into the matchless tunnels through whose wide portals we could catch glimpses of the great stone city towards which we were making our way. From the tunnels we glided out onto the bean-stalk roadway that "hitchety-hatchetied" down the mountain side.

AS WE entered Zion we found ourselves a part of a great parade of cars. It was now raining rather hard and CCC boys stood beside the road in their nor'westers and slickers and looked a bit bedraggled and chilly—but cheerful. Rows of cars were parked about the lodge. We were urged to go on up the canyon and did so. At that time everybody expected the rain to stop in time for the broadcast.

At the public campground, the main highway was blocked and we were directed into a parking area where gobs of mud like gobs of hasty

pudding stuck above the red water that was as thick as milk. Having had little breakfast, while it rained and the cars assembled, we sat in ours and ate some things we had provided.

As 9:30 a.m. approached, we noted a truck pass with the loud-speaking equipment in it and the word got around that the first site selected for the broadcast, on account of the rain had been abandoned. We followed the cars that immediately began rolling out of the parking places and soon found ourselves on the highway some distance from the lodge where the choir had assembled and our way blocked. Not liking our position, we decided to go up to the Temple of Sinawava and there, while we enjoyed the temple and the Great White Throne, listen to the choir by means of the radio in our car.

Since the road had been blocked and we were able to get by only by means of an important piece of paper we carried, we were practically alone in the great Temple. Mists rose partially obscuring the Great White Throne and from every cliff cascaded waterfalls, many of them nearly 2,000 feet in height. It was lovely, but we soon discovered that what we had heard is true—radio reception down in the deep streets of Zion, is nil.

AFTER enjoying the cliffs and waterfalls for some time, we returned to the lodge where we sat and listened to the choir and to President Heber J. Grant's fine Memorial Day message. The loud speakers picked up the choir voices and sprayed them upon the canyon air. It was thrilling despite the rain to stand there in the awful presence of the Spirit of Zion canyon at

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1937

the foot of the Great White Throne and hear the great choir sing.

The miracle had been worked. Four hundred choir members, their officers, conductors, and accompanists, had been picked up in Salt Lake City and transported to the foot of the Great Throne from which their music was broadcast to all the world. It sounds easy, but it was not easy.

Imagine 400 people arriving at a railroad terminal in the early morning nearly one hundred miles from the spot from which they were to broadcast. Of course, they could not have reached that broadcasting station had not careful plans been laid. One hundred cars from Cedar City and the two Dixie stakes were awaiting the train. These cars had been gathered by hard-working committees whose love for Zion and the choir was so great that nothing could daunt them.

Dr. D. Eldon Beck, chairman of the St. George committee, said the job was a big one, but after it was all done and the men were back home again there was a general feeling of satisfaction because all felt that they had done a big thing for art as well as for the state of Utah and the Church.

AFTER the broadcast in Zion, the choir was taken to St. George where a sacred concert was sung. Many visited the temple and made the day one long to be cherished.

We listened to the choir and to President Grant and then while the rain still fell and the mists still hid the towers of Zion, we rolled out of the silent city on our way home. We felt that we had been in a holy place and could easily imagine we had heard angels sing, their voices like silver bells among the cliffs. President Grant was at his best. His magnificent voice was filling the canyon until all who were there could hear his message.

The rain hampered but did not spoil the undertaking. Some day it will be repeated, for a thing as fine as that should not be allowed to become only a memory.

We went to Zion poorly prepared for rain. Not content with sitting in the car, I tied a tablecloth around my head, wrapped myself in a blanket, and strolled about taking pictures. As I passed close to an auto I heard a man say to a lady in his car: "It isn't an Indian; it is only H. R. Merrill."

Despite the cold, despite the rain, despite the disappointment at not being able to use our radio, it was a grand occasion for those who actually went to the canyon to worship among the cliffs.

A QUILT

By Ione Mohler

I used to think a quilt
  Was just a bunch of scraps,
Patterned in a casual sort of way,
  Padded and quilted leisurely,
And spread upon a bed.
  Day after day.

I little knew the patience
  It took to match the blocks,
That love and faith and hope
  Were all required.
That perseverance is a part of art
  And courage keeps your hands
From getting tired.

I used to think a quilt
  Was just a bunch of scraps,
And Life is patterned
  Much the same,
Perhaps.

We The Audience

In practically every group of Relief Society women, there is: the woman who was converted in a far away country, the woman born under the covenant, and the woman who has strayed from the fold and who has returned.

1—I AM A CONVERT

AS I sit in the midst of my own Ward's Relief Society members, I suddenly become conscious that I have been added to them, like a plant that has been brought into a garden that has already been designed. I am quiet, I drink in all that is said and try to find the right place in my mind for each idea. It is like trying to put the pieces of a stained glass window together. There are many beautiful thoughts, and I know that somehow they all belong to the Gospel; but I have been learning this great, new plan of salvation for a short time only, so I am at times confused.

Quietly I sit, humble because I am unable to contribute anything to the group. Then as a lesson is given my heart yearns to know a point on the subject of salvation. If I am saved no faster than I gain knowledge, I must know more. The Gospel came to me so late in my life. Many years have I lost. I must eagerly gain all I can each day. So before I stop to realize how afraid I am, I raise my hand and ask a question. Suddenly I am overwhelmed with my own daring. I am taking the time of many women who already know the answer. When the teacher calls on me I am trembling. My words tumble over themselves and don't come out in the English order. There is a puzzled look on the face of the teacher, but soon a light comes into her eyes and she says, "Do you mean this—?" and she puts my question in straight running words. My face is not hot any more and I say "Yes, yes!" eagerly, and she answers my question with kindness. I am grateful but I still feel embarrassed that I have taken the time of the class.

Then a glorious thing happens! Another member adds a thought that seems to have blossomed from mine, and everyone is lifted. I am then glad that I asked my question. It maybe was The Master Gardener pruning about the roots of my soul, and the soil was cultivated for those near me as well. I am no longer lost. I belong to the class.

But yet another day comes and I find myself surrounded by women who have studied the Gospel and lived it all their lives. They are telling what their religion means to them. One after another they arise and speak. Back into my own life I drift on their words, and ask myself the question "What does the Gospel mean to me?" Indeed it means so much, there are no words strong enough to tell it. I recall the day of the coming of a missionary to my home, of reading tracts, of praying for the light, and then of the coming of my testimony. The sacredness of it comes over me and burns within me. I want to share it with these women around me, but perhaps they would think me too excited over my possession of the precious truth. They are so used to it and it glows so calmly in their eyes. So I sit still, lost to my present self. My mind journeys back to the old country, and I live again all that happened after my conversion: the giv-

ing up of my comfortable home, being disowned by my father, and worst of all the disloyalty of my dearest friend. Why should I tell these women, who have known such peaceful lives, of my sacrifices and suffering? Then I am startled to find that someone else who was converted to the church is telling her story. I feel her exaltation, and before I realize it I am on my feet telling of the great truth I have found in this world for my salvation.

As the meeting is dismissed someone presses my hand, another speaks to me and I go home with a song in my heart. Now I feel I have become a part of the Women of Zion! But there is always a space between me and the women who were born in the Gospel. They seem to have the ease of women who have always had wealth, the greatest of all wealth, the wealth of the Gospel. I am excited because I have so suddenly come into my heritage. Perhaps they are calm because their stained glass window has all been put together for them, while I am piecing mine slowly, day by day.

2—I WAS BORN UNDER THE COVENANT

THERE is a certain steadiness of soul that comes to a person who is sure of his path in life. As a descendant of Utah pioneers I have a conviction of the truth of the Gospel. My parents were intelligent people, my grandparents were brave through the trials of the early days. I have absolute faith in them. I am sure they selected their religion wisely and well.

A goodly heritage is the greatest boon a person can have. But I am not altogether proud. I know that in humility I must perform my duties and live up to the ideal my ancestors set for me. I do not expect to live without trials; I welcome them. I know the test will come to me as it came to the pioneers but it will be a different test. I am facing a new frontier that has new terrors. I believe there are problems today as great as the Indian problem of the pioneers. There are pride and prejudice stalking about, waiting to torment me. Pride carries his tomahawk and has already threatened to mar my personality. I tell myself that pride is human, that a heart is behind his painted face. But intuitively I know that he is a savage who is restless. And he will try again and again to assault my spiritual self. How often he comes into my home and tries to bully me out of my faith.

Prejudice is another uncivilized tempter which haunts me. He has tried to wrench from me my spiritual heritage by offering me a tempting dish of pottage—more money if I will but drop my religious scruples, more pleasure if I will but give up my church work, more honor if I will but play the game of favor. Sometimes it is difficult to resist these temptations. Sometimes when I think I am free from pride and prejudice, I turn to see their shadows upon me, as my grandmother may have seen the shadows of the Indians upon her door.

I do not hear the howl of wolves as my grandmother did, but hardly a day passes without the echoes of war and crime on my horizon. At times it comes very close to me, and I too hold my baby tight. Famine is one of the terrors the pioneers faced and I know how they suffered, but I, too, have passed through a depression that forced me to go without food, to work overtime and to keep smiling. I have indeed then

sought the comfort of my church in greater humility. I have pressed my only whole dress, knitted a gay flower for my coat and lifted my chin a little, trying to hold the thought of pioneer courage in my heart.

At Relief Society meeting I have looked around at the other women who appeared well-dressed. I have known that some of them were struggling as hard as I to keep their children from feeling the brunt of hard times. And they too were wearing the shining armor of bravery. The songs we sang gave us new strength, and we felt that if we helped each other just a little and didn't let our own feet stumble, all would be well. And ever and ever we must repeat to ourselves, "We have the Gospel, we have the Gospel!" Surely we can never let the pioneers down. They expected great things from the children they gave to the west. Not only must we keep the prairie yielding its abundance to us, but when stretches of desert appear in our lives, we must let the seeds of our faith blossom as the rose.

3—I WON MY RIGHT TO THE GOSPEL

WHEN I look back upon my life, I find that two forces have ever struggled within me: the faith of my father and the doubt of my mother. As a child, at the end of each Sunday School, I would walk home alone wondering about the Bible story or the vision of Joseph Smith. One day I talked to our hired girl who was a convert from England, and I was so overwhelmed with the power of the Gospel that I bore my testimony the following Sunday. The class laughed at me, I don't know why; perhaps my words were queer, but I thought it was because I was so serious. That laugh killed something within me and I decided not to believe again.

At college, I was glad when the Bible was called a book of myths. I told myself I knew it all the time. I listened to friends who made fun of Joseph Smith. But in my bookcase was a Book of Mormon that no one could explain away. I believed that I could live adequately without religion. I was too busy for such concerns anyway. But my heart went back again and again to the lost comfort of it.

After I finished college I began to adventure into the great religions, and found they bent toward the light I knew. I turned to the philosophers and found that from Socrates on they too were humble before the Great Directing Mind. Kant, the German idealist, suggested "All the planets have been or will be inhabited." That sounded like our own religion. Bergsen, the Frenchman, sought "an energizing principle which might make more intelligible the miracles and subtleties of life." And our own William James said "I firmly disbelieve, myself, that our human experience is the highest form of experience extant in the universe."

Such findings made me eager to go back to my church and to study its principles from an adult point of view. The Relief Society was the most appealing and comfortable auxiliary so I became a member. I was extremely interested, comparing every idea advanced there with the theories I found outside. One day while looking for some material for the literary lesson I happened upon a dialogue written by Poe. It took place between a spirit that had been in heaven a long time and a new spirit that had just come from earth. The explanation of the universe given to the new spirit was identical with Brigham Young's explanation.

The joy of discovery made my quest for truth intriguing. Then followed other books substantiating the details of the Gospel. The great Swedish philosopher Swedenborg gave the picture of the three glories and the celestial world with the nature of angels and spirits even as Joseph Smith had done. I found that others had knocked and had truth revealed to them, the same truth that our own prophet had received.

I became eager to share my findings. I was stirred by the ardor and the devotion of the members of my Relief Society, and caught in the spirit of truth, I bore my second testimony.

My quest has not ended. With every new adventure into inspired books, whether they are books of literature, of philosophy or science, I find a part of the Gospel of the Latter-day Saints. Only recently the great scientist Eddington said "God may be a person" and "We cannot answer in leaping electrons, tensors or mathematical equations" for the meaning of the universe, "So when we seek the meaning in consciousness we find that it is about a spirit, within which truth has its shrine."

Someone has said "A religion is not yours until you have arduously won the right to it." I am thankful I doubted, otherwise I might never have found substantiating truth in far places. There is no placidity in my belief. I do not take it for granted. Day by day with further proof I shall earn the right to it. I am dedicated to the quest of truth that its rays may make the gem of my religion shine more gloriously with eternal light.

THROUGH THE YEARS

By Ella J. Coulam

She was so gallant in declining years—
Most valiantly she walked to meet old age.
Her smile stood out to halt the gathering tears
That seemed to threaten her determined wage
Of war, on fear and doubt and discontent.
She stood upon life's hill-top looking back
On dreams of service and a life well spent,

With head held high, she faced the unknown track.
Why should we fear, in going down the years
To walk thus, as courageously as she?
As slowly the glory of sun-set nears,
Keep an open mind to face eternity,
A sense of humor for this strange new role
With a prayerful mind and a reverent soul.

To the Pioneers of 1887

By C. Frank Steele

(Dedicated to the late President Charles Ora Card and his Company of Utah Pioneers who Founded the first Mormon Settlement in Canada in the Summer of 1887)

Behind them the pleasant valleys,
Canyon torrents, and rills;
Homes, joyous and flower-scented,
The rhythm of shops and mills;
Mild skies and the lilac mountains
With a silver sea at their feet;
Their friends, their kin, their prophets,
Their Zion, beloved retreat!

Before them the vague Tomorrow
On a new and an alien soil;
Northward and ever northward
They press as they sing and toil.
Before them a new isolation,
A strange and uncharted land—
Scarce a fire or a friendly furrow
Greets their weary, plodding band.

Yet over the trail roll their wagons
As their fathers had rolled before,
Strong men who loved their homeland
Yet loved they duty more.
North to the Land of the Blackfeet,
This their appointed goal—
A Camp of Israel guided
By a great and Godlike soul.

And the wheels of their wagons bear them
To the heights of the Great Divide:
On the east the rippling prairie,
Hills to the westward side;
And beyond the hills the mountains,
Old Chief and the snow-crowned peaks
Where rise the lordly rivers
And the gentle, willowed creeks.

They halt on the soil of Canada,
Break the fruitful, virgin sod,
And caught in the spell of the silences
They find the peace of God;
And above them arch the heavens
With their banners wide unfurled,
And their eyes are bathed in the sunlight
And fanned by the Winds of the World.

And the promise of things to follow.
Of the world that is to be,
Homes, cities, a Temple holy
With its gifts of eternity
Gladdens the hearts of the pilgrims,
And their courage never wanes
As God gives a wondrous increase
To their Zion of the Plains.

Thus they build, they sow and harvest,
And strength for each new day springs
Fresh in the hearts of the exiles
And their songs of praise take wings.
And beyond the seas of bunch grass
And the trails of the buffalo
The West of the Future is calling
And its destiny they know.

And Peace shall abide, and plenty,
No more shall their children roam;
Here they shall build for Tomorrow
And in love they shall make it Home.

Address

ADDRESS BY HON. ELBERT D. THOMAS, OF UTAH, AT THE THIRTY-SECOND INTERPARLIAMENTARY CONFERENCE IN BUDAPEST ON JULY 4, 1936

I AM asked to speak for America. This I cannot do, for under our Constitution the American people speak for themselves, and they alone can speak for America. Nor can I speak for my colleagues in the Senate of the United States, because under the rules of the Senate there is unlimited debate which implies that each Senator will speak for himself. Those rules are obeyed—quite differently from the way in which the limited debate here has been obeyed. You see, we get obedience by having no limit. We tell a Senator he may speak on to the end of the session, and in that way we get obedience! (Laughter.)

I have noted in the speeches and also in the report of our secretary a spirit of discouragement concerning the affairs of the world. As students of history, if we remember the past, there is nothing in the present to be particularly discouraged about, for throughout history conditions in the world have been always, as it were, in a state of flux, and never has the ideal been found. I know of no time and of no place when and where men have lived in a state of bliss and conditions have been such that there has not been concern. Discouraged as we may be, I know of no time in the whole history of the world when so many men, women, and children were living quite so well as they are living today. That, gentlemen, is something.

We have talked about the League failure. We should not talk about the League's failure or the League's success. Those are words which have no place in the growth and development of institutions. It is the League's development or the League's retrogression that we should think about.

I am sure that I cannot contribute much to the great deliberations here, but I may suggest a thought, and I give it to you from my heart: The idea that nations shall meet and discuss their problems before the whole world is greater than any organization established for that purpose; the idea behind the Inter-Parliamentary Union is much greater than the union itself; the idea of the League is very much greater than the League itself; the idea behind the great American Constitution is much greater than the Constitution itself. For an American to lose faith in international cooperation would be for him to lose faith in the greatest fact of the American governmental history, for in the United States of America there are 53 separate and distinct parliamentary organizations, and 49 of them represent sovereign entities, absolute, except for powers reserved in the people, in their own spheres. It is out of these experiments, it is from these experiences that we have become what we are. We know how far the Federal idea can go. We know the bounds in which the whole may speak and the curbs it may place on any one of its parts. The theory behind that which international organization now calls a sanction we placed in our Federal Constitution. We know both its strength and its weakness. From our experience we know how far to go and when to stop.

The American Federal Govern-

ment guaranteed in our Constitution a republican form of government in every one of the various States, but never once has the Federal Government attempted to do anything about it. Why? Because we knew, from the very experiences which we underwent when we organized and wrote our Constitution, that once an attempt were made to coerce a State, the Union itself might be destroyed.

I BELIEVE I have caught the spirit of the delegates here; I do not know whether I can reflect it, but if so I should like to in what I shall now say. Mr. Rockefeller has restored great monuments at Versailles. Are the French people whom the present French Republic today comprises resentful that a monument which represented a theory of government no longer prevailing and contrary to present theory is to be made to live in stone? No; because they see something more vital than the theory, something finer than the past it represents. France does not wish to return to that past, but she may cherish the beauty it produced. There is no compromise there. That which is good she preserves. That which is bad had no place in the restoration. Her pride is not touched that an American contributes to a perpetuation of the beauty of her past. France does not resent that the world rejoices with her in this monument to her culture. If the world can unite in appreciation of beauty, it may unite in appreciation of other accomplishments. That desire of nations is with us today, for as I turn from one delegation to another I am reminded of the spirits of their pasts.

First, as I face the Greek delegation, my thoughts turn to ancient Greece and I r e m e m b e r what Sophocles caused his Antigone to say, "It is easy to join for hate and for evil-doing, but it is hard to join for love and for peace." Is that not our struggle today? Inspired by the presence of our Japanese friends I select a Hokku poem which, it seems to me, reflects the idea and the spirit of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. The poem gives us this picture:

There are many roads that lead to
the top of the mountain,
But when once the summit is gained
the same moon is seen.

Speech after speech from far-off corners of countries represented here reflect the Japanese poet's dream, no dream to us who have climbed the mountain! The moon and the ideal it represents are ours! I fancy a picture of the striving of nations, I can feel the spirit of those nations, and I note that there has been expressed here, time and time again, in very deed, the long-prayed-for "desire of nations." Whether that desire will be fulfilled or not depends upon the way in which the people of the world accept the responsibilities of the present day. Shall we act like the ancient Hebrews who patted themselves on the chest and were proud, and claimed they were the chosen people of the Lord, or shall we be like the thoughtful of those ancients who realized that only those were entitled to be called God's chosen people who first of all chose to be God's chosen ones? We can behold the moon of world unity only if we climb the road that leads to the summit. We can be that which we seek to be only by striving in harmony with the fulfilled purposes of our hoped-for ends. If good will is to come to us, we must reflect good will. If the world is to be made a place of peace, we must learn and must live the way of peace.

Music Department

By Professor Frank W. Asper

IN ORDER to make something of our music, the most necessary requirement is that the instruments have the best of care and are kept in good condition. With our pianos the following points should be observed:

Extreme care should be used to keep them covered as much as possible so that the dirt will not get inside the case. Moths always congregate where there is dirt and it is possible for the moth to completely destroy the felt and hammers used on pianos. They should also be made inaccessible to mice.

A piano should never be placed against an outside wall but should be inside the room in order to guard against extreme changes in temperature—the ideal way would be to keep the room at a constant temperature. Then too, it will be found that there will not be so much dampness against the inside wall as against the outside. Our houses and auditoriums are all very dry, and this is especially true during the winter when there is very little humidity in the air, and makes the likelihood of the wood cracking very great, and for this reason it is very often advisable to keep one or two plants very close to the piano. The evaporation from the leaves of the plants will keep the air sufficiently moist to avoid any trouble in this way. To keep them in a damp basement is also bad for them. Avoid drafts as this will tend to check the wood and will cause undue expansion and contraction in the piano wires.

The piano wires are very delicately strung. Until the last few years the wires were attached to pins which were cylindrical in shape and driven in the pin-block and if the wood was not of the proper kind or grain or seasoning, they would slip. There are many of these old pianos now and it is almost impossible to keep them in tune as there is nothing to stop the tuning pin from turning. In our more modern pianos, however, the tuning pins are tapered, thus enabling the one who takes care of the instrument to drive them further into the wood and in this way hold the piano up to pitch.

A PIANO should be tuned twice a year, if possible in the spring and fall and usually at the same pitch as the building is heated, generally about seventy-two degrees. If you are particular about your instrument you will insist that they are always tuned to A-440 or C-523.25. During the course of the year, due to the terrific strain on the wires, a piano will drop one or two vibrations. If they are not pulled up to pitch at least once a year, it is only a matter of a short time until they will be so low that it will be impossible for any other instrument to play in tune with them, and any attempt a tuner might make to bring it back to pitch will result in broken wires, sheared tuning pins and possibly a split pin-block.

NOTHING is so repulsive as playing on a piano if sweaty or dirty fingers have been over it. The keys should be wiped off with wood alcohol, but always use the utmost care not to allow any of it to get on the finish or it will turn it white. In polishing the case, the best method is to use castile or Ivory soap in warm water. Dip a piece of soft

cheese cloth in warm suds and wring it out, then wipe with a moistened cloth. After this wipe with a dry piece of cheese cloth. The many kinds of polish are also quite satisfactory, as well as the better brands of furniture wax, providing they are rubbed off as much as possible.

All of these suggestions as to temperature, etc., are applicable to the reed organ as well. In addition the performer should always take care that the stops are pushed in when not in use. This will avoid any difficulty that might be encountered with dust entering the wind chest.

ELIZA L. S. UDALL

THE GREAT DIVIDE

By Bertha A. Kleinman

In Memoriam for Sister Eliza L. S. Udall

Sister Eliza L. S. Udall was noted or her pioneering activities in Arizona, for her kindness to the Mexicans and for her hospitality. Most of the Church leaders have been entertained by her and her husband who for so many years presided over the St. John's Stake. She served for thirty-five years as Relief Society President of that Stake. She was the first matron of the Mesa Temple.—Editor.

The day is done and through the Sunset Gates
Another bark glides swiftly out to sea,
In prime and loveliness the flower fades
And darkness shuts the brave eyes tenderly.

But yesterday so gladsome and alive,
With kindly word and smile and cheer for all—
Her day replete—why need she linger on?
The day is done, she heeds the Master's Call.

We cannot know the meaning of it all,
Why some must go and some of us remain,
Except that she so treasured and beloved
Is needed, too, and loved in God's Domain.
We cannot know the meaning of the storm
Why bough and branch must bow before the blast,
But this we know—the rugged cliffs take form
And stand serene when every storm is past.
And this we know and this we cannot doubt
That, somewhere in the glory of His scheme,
No pang is wasted and no heartache lost,
Nor tears unheeded in His blest regime.

Beyond the mystic "Parting of the ways"
Her lovely soul has taken wings and gone,
And unto us is left the lonely days,
The span of waiting and the carry-on.
Somewhere God yearns for spotless souls like hers
To grace the beauty of His Gardens there,
Where none of all the millions of the earth
Can fill the place He calls for her to share.
A little ways, a little time to wait,
Then in the dawn beyond the Great Divide
Her loved ones too shall follow where she leads
And all within His Love be satisfied.

APPRAISAL

By Alberta H. Christensen

I shall not care what they at last may say
Who caught my voice, in passing touched my hand.
They merely glimpsed an hour of the way
Of years; how could they ever understand
The integer, who only chanced upon
The fraction imprint in the leeward snow?

And they who saw my lip in smile attired,—
How could they know 'twas not a guise I wore,
Shielding with pride some cankerous hurt I bore?
What could they know—who saw me stumbling, fall—
Of granite heights to which my step aspired?

But you—who long have known my every mood—
Your weighing flawless, and your verdict true—,
Oh I shall never care what they may say;
Only beloved, what can be said by you.

Notes To The Field

Theology Department

"Theology is ordered knowledge, representing in the intellect what religion represents in the heart and life of man."

THE ministry of the Savior will be the continued subject for 1937-38. The truths embraced therein will undoubtedly be studied with interest and zeal, for in the past year an increase in attendance, and satisfactory progress in the study of the scriptures has been noted.

The attention of the class leaders is called to the paragraph preceding lesson 1 in regard to listed references. The Latter-day Saint scriptures (those starred,) together with the lessons themselves afford sufficient material and proof of all statements made, and unless the other books are not easily available, as stated, it is not necessary to acquire them.

As believers in the divinity of the mission of the prophet Joseph Smith, it is a satisfaction to have the light of knowledge through revelation of the word of the Lord on these subjects—the time of the Savior's birth, The miracle of His birth, The place of His baptism and His divine power; questions so much discussed and pondered over by the learned theologians of the world without agreement or positive answer. The Doctrine and Covenants, which is direct revelation and the Book of Mormon, translated through the power of God, give definite and clear statements on these matters and will certainly tend to strengthen the testimonies which will follow the discussion of the lesson.

There is no reading in all literature that so enriches the mind and understanding and at the same time yields such a field for thought and conjecture as the scriptures; almost every verse is a poem, every episode a drama and all combined an inspiration for the higher and truer attainments of life.

May this year's work be a joy and development to the souls of all our members, and a strengthening of their faith and testimonies.

Literary Department

IT has been suggested that *Pale Moon* and *The Indian Love Call* would be very delightful musical numbers to be used during the study of ***The Star of the West.***

The following is a quotation from a letter of Mrs. Ethel Hueston, the author of *The Star of the West.* It is an interesting side light on the book, which gives one the feeling of reading real history in the delightful narrative.

"The Library of Congress loaned me copies of the Original Journals of Lewis and Clark, and I carried them with me on a motor trip following their trail from St. Louis, up the Missouri River and across the mountains to the Pacific, visiting as many of their points of interest as could be located. I can assure you that my account is entirely authentic, using their daily diaries as a base. When the weather is mentioned, the weather is as they recorded it. My account was really a novelized version of their journals, instead of an historical romance. I introduced not one fictional character. I only supplied detail and conversation, but every incident recorded was included in their journals; in brief, terse form of course.

"One thing that was clearly indi-

cated in their Journals seems to me should be particularly stressed to young students; the effect of discipline. You will observe that all the infractions of rules and orders occurred in that first year, between St. Louis and Mandan. There was disobedience, absence without leave, desertion, theft, incipient rebellions. Every case was dealt with, by a committee of the men; sentences were agreed upon, and justice administered. And the discipline proved its point; after Mandan there was not one other case of trouble with the men. Rules were established, and they were obeyed. The men were loyal, obedient, and zealous; the leaders were careful, considerate and just."

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPT.

A CALL to arms is heralded to the members of the Church. "Church-wide Beautification of our Places of Worship."

Here is another opportunity for the application of our social service Lessons in Civic Sociology.

The keynote of success in this project is loyal cooperation of every member of the family.

That the Relief Societies have long since been standard bearers and pace setters in the beautification program is evidenced by the lovely rooms you have furnished in your various wards. Many Relief Society rooms are covered with carpet, the walls and woodwork decorated in appropriate colors, harmonious drapes and suitable furniture give an atmosphere of peace and rest to all who enter your rooms.

The hours of unselfish though weary toil are forgotten in the pride and heartfelt satisfaction you feel when you see what you have accomplished.

That you will not fail to cooperate in every way possible to extend your improvement program to every nook and corner of your Church inside and to the grounds surrounding it is self evident, because you have never failed in loyally supporting any movement for the beautification of our Church.

Among the many needs of the Church is efficient janitorial service, care of sacrament service, improved sanitation, screened windows, comfortable seating, carpeted isles or entire floors, pride in class rooms, more trees, shrubs and flowers, walks, and fences.

When the bishop calls for your suggestions concerning these problems we hope this little message will have given you an opportunity to have been thinking about the matter and find you well prepared to help where you are most needed.

ERRATUM

IN publishing the prices of the books for our Literary course next year *on page 395 of the June issue* a line was dropped. By turning to the advertising section in the front of the book the Deseret Book Company gives the correct price list.

Notes From The Field

Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Malad Stake

FROM the Malad Stake comes the following comprehensive report of the activities of 1936-37. We certainly congratulate Sister Nellie K. Dredge, the President. It is difficult to see a phase of activity which this enterprising Stake has not conducted.

In August of 1936 the Stake Board sponsored a pre-school clinic. The cooperation of the doctors and dentists with Relief Society was most complete. The mothers of the community had been brought to realize the importance of having the children examined and the corrective work done.

The class leaders' and visiting teachers' convention held in September was a most successful event. The following is a copy of the material on the card which was given to each visiting teacher:

"To be dependable.
To make prayerful preparation of my work.
To deliver my message.
To speak no ill.
To be a mother in my district.
To live worthy of my calling.
To attend all my Relief Society and Visiting Teachers' meetings.
To take sunshine into the homes I visit.
To look for something beautiful in every home.
To have tact and kindliness above all else.
To seek self-development daily, through the spirit of God, in exercising all spiritual and material resources."

In September also the Relief Society joined with the Y. W. M. I. A. in conducting a county fair and a most beautiful flower show. The sisters from the entire Stake brought flowers of different kinds. The event was most successful.

In December the Stake Board prepared lunch and program and went to the Washakie Ward, where a very fine social was held with the Lamanite sisters. These sisters took part in the program of songs and games and in every way indicated their ability to cooperate in Relief Society work. The theme "Why we have a Work and Business meeting" was the subject for the Relief Society Conference. The Lamanite sisters made three beautiful quilts, the patterns and quilting and every phase of the work was done as beautifully as could be. There were also embroidered pillow cases, luncheon sets, and real buckskin gloves beautifully beaded. There were also many other lovely articles of a similar nature. The canned fruit made by the Washakie sisters was just as beautifully done as any in the Stake. So much of the credit for the fine work accomplished by the Lamanite sisters belongs to their President, Sister Margaret Parry, whose patience and persistence have produced beautiful results.

The Stake Board and the local Relief Societies assisted the Old Folks Committee in their entertainment in February. A hot dinner was served to about four hundred by the Relief Society sisters. This was followed by a lovely program.

On March 17 the Stake Board outlined a uniform program for the celebration of Anniversary Day, and the event was carried out in exquisite detail in all the wards.

To stimulate enrollment and average attendance the Daughters Day program was observed.

The majority of Relief Society membership attended the Temple

Mission which was sponsored in the Logan Temple in May of this year. A ladies' chorus of Relief Society members sang the selections and the Relief Society Stake President spoke during the meeting.

The Scriptural Project has been taken up with great enthusiasm and many of the members have completed the reading of the Bible and memorized the names of the books.

In concluding her report Sister Cecelia D. Rutter, the Secretary, writes, "Each year we aim to make a change in reference to our program for Relief Society Conference. One year we took Theology as the subject, then Literature. This year we took Work and Business, and asked each ward to bring in the quilts or other articles that had been made, so that at the Stake Conference, held on Sunday evening, there was a beautiful display. The Conferences have been held and successfully carried out. The songs and talks all coincided with the theme, and the spirit of each Conference was beautiful.

"It is marvelous how well and how beautifully the sisters have cooperated in contributing toward the Church Security Program. Shelves and shelves of lovely fruit of every variety have been conserved, and twenty-six serviceable quilts made, men's and women's clothing of various kinds, and dozens of pairs of wearable shoes and household articles have been contributed through the Relief Society to the Security work.

"Our chief aim has been as a Stake Board to cooperate with the Priesthood, and to the very best of our ability carry out the details and advice and timely instructions which the General Board have sent to us."

SAN BERNARDINO WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

San Bernardino Stake

FROM one of our younger Stakes the above picture is sent. We were very happy to have this from San Bernardino. This picture was taken at the recent celebration of the anniversary of the founding of Relief Society. The script was written by Sister Roxana F. Hase in honor

of the seven General Presidents of the Relief Society. Those who impersonated the General Presidents were all either active or past presidents in Relief Society work. While some of our Stakes may be young in point of organization, they all have the spirit of Relief Society work, and we are most happy to hear from them.

Mission, and others write, "We all feel that the Relief Society Magazine is indispensable to us. The wonderful material which it contains is of great help to us, and we want to tell you how much we appreciate it."

Tongan Mission

FROM far-away Tonga a very delightful letter came from Sister

HAMILTON, MONTANA, RELIEF SOCIETY

Northwestern States Mission

THE office was very happy to receive the above picture from Sister Helen Jorgensen, Supervisor of the Mission Relief Societies. It is of the Hamilton Relief Society in the Montana District. According to reports from the Mission's office, this is one of the most enthusiastic organizations among the members. It is well organized and demonstrates upon all occasions a very fine spirit of cooperation. The activities and lesson program are successfully conducted. The picture was taken upon the occasion of their annual celebration for the Anniversary Day. This

Evelyn H. Dunn. The picture on the opposite page is of the Haapai District. Sister Dunn has this to say of her organization: "The sisters are faithful in doing all that is asked of them, and I am sure they enjoy the work. We have just finished a very successful conference in each of the districts and the Relief Society sessions were enjoyed by all the Saints.

"We experienced a bad hurricane in the Togatabu district in February, but no one was injured. The Saints seem to be able to have plenty of food, even though their crops were badly damaged. The work of the Relief Society, in helping the

TONGAN MISSION

poor and unfortunate is just a continuation of the old native customs, and I am sure there will be no one in want of food and clothing as long as others of the Saints have any. They are very wonderful to help one another and scarcely ever ask for money from the Relief Society to do it with. I am sure they are blessed for their goodness."

TO UTAH

By Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy

For you, O Sunshine State, the hardy pioneers
Poured precious blood and strewed along the trail, white bones
To mingle with those of buffalo! And hot tears
Of lonely wife oft wet a pile of cold grey stones;
But when the wagon train moved on, with lifted head,
And confidence in God, she turned toward setting sun,
Determined fertile vales to till. Though he was dead—
She went ever on, and by her side their son.

Now golden wheat fields wave where once was only sage;
No more does blood of hero saint stain red the trail;
No savage demons over peaceful prairies rage;
Nor Renegades burn wagon trains and rob the mail.
God give to Utah and her faithful children, peace
And courage to continue building, down the years;
From everything that binds our faith give just release,
Oh Blessed Father of the sons of pioneers.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXIV JULY, 1937 No. 7

Editorials

Difficulties

WITH the coming of July 24 we think of that sturdy band who pioneered the West and of the hardships they endured. We pity them because they went through such trying experiences, but hardships are not wholly undesirable. Through overcoming difficulties there comes a courage and fortitude that makes for the strongest character. Facing difficulties brings strength that an easy life never develops. Pioneering brings out latent resourcefulness. It makes for brotherhood. Each feels the others' difficulties and tries to lighten the burden. All share in the joy that comes. Many people have been dwarfed, the best in them never developed because they have been shielded from every hard thing.

Hendrix Willem Van Loon, noted historian, said at the National Education Association convention in New Orleans:

"During the last three generations we have done nothing but give in to our children. We gave them schools that were far too good for them. We deprived them of all trouble and made learning as easy and pleasant and painless as going fishing.

"We told them there were nice little jobs awaiting them just around the corner with a nice wife and a mink coat and a nice house and a nice mortgage, nicely handled by a nice bank.

"As long as America had stood for hardships, for pioneering, for fighting one's way through the wilderness—as long as there had been adventure and uncertainty in the American scheme of things—we had a definite and concrete American philosophy of life and nobody dreamed of importing from abroad what we could find so infinitely better right here at home."

Isn't there a great deal in this arraignment? Are we not all shielding children too much from difficulty and trying to make everything so easy that they do not develop the strength, sturdiness, fortitude, that meeting

hard tasks gave to their parents?

Much as mothers realize the strength that comes from battle, the fortitude that results from overcoming difficulties, yet they ever seek to shield their children and make life as easy as possible for them. Fortunately they are not able to wholly do this, otherwise their children would be very much weaker than they now are. Psychologists are telling us that we should all do something we don't want to do every day, that we should attempt difficult tasks for the strength that will result. It is well known that the furnace fires free the metal from the dross, and so it is no wonder that the Pioneers developed such strong characters. They *had* to face difficulties! they *had* to develop their ingenuity; they *had* to stand together, helping each other to overcome difficulties and to bring victory out of seeming defeat.

An Art

OF all the notifications that our Magazines have failed to reach their destination we think the loveliest message we have received was written by Rose M. Hardy. She said:

"Dear Relief Society Magazine, For some reason you have failed to greet me with your messages of love and cheer this month. Needless to tell you how lost I am without you, especially when I have to present the lesson in the Theology Department. You know how much I need you, so please get here as soon as you can. Affectionately."

It's an art to be able to do things in such a sweet way as this.

Magazine to be Larger

WE ARE glad to announce that henceforth our Magazine will be increased four pages in each issue. This will give us seventy or more pages of reading matter, according to the number of ads carried in each number. This is quite a growth from the size of the first issue, which had forty-four pages of reading matter.

SAGE SONG

By Martha Ball

I love to stand on yonder hill
And gaze out o'er the great expanse
Of purple, tufted, scented, sage,
After the storm, after the dance—

After the dance of the sparkling rain,
Whose tiny feet spread sweet perfume
On every tuft of silver sage,
On every quivering virgin plume.

I stand alone on yonder hill,
A soul bereft of a home-spun age.
Seeking sweet peace in the solitude,
Finding release in the primitive sage.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 1

Some Mormon Contributions to an Understanding of the Life and Teachings of Christ

IN this and the following lessons there are pointed out a number of distinctive Mormon contributions to Christ's life and work. In many respects the point of view of the Latter-day Saints is entirely different from that of the world. Those who desire to further pursue their studies as here indicated, and who have library facilities, may do so by comparing points of view expressed in the following list of books. The starred books are Mormon publications.

Smith—**Gospel Doctrine.*

Smith—**The Way to Perfection.*

Talmage—**Jesus The Christ.*

Talmage—**The Articles of Faith.*

Gray—*Critical Introduction to the Old Testament.*

McFadyen—*Introduction To The Old Testament.*

Scott—*Literature Of The New Testament.*

Dana—*New Testament Criticism.*

Klausner—*Jesus of Nazareth.*

Case—*Experience With The Supernatural In Early Christian Times.*

1. *The Time of Christ's Birth.*—Many scholars have attempted to determine precisely the date of Christ's birth. However, we shall not here presume to point out the various lines of reasoning and methods used by those who have sought to fix this important mile post in world history. Suffice it to say that very able scholars disagree upon the year of our Savior's birth. The results range all the way from B. C. 1 to B. C. 9 with B. C. 4 being in all probability the most acceptable mean date. Dr. Joseph Klausner in his book, *Jesus of Nazareth,* is of the opinion that Jesus "was born in the reign of Augustus two to four years *before* the Christian era." Now two of our modern scriptures enable Latter-day Saints to more precisely point out the time of our Lord's birth. The Book of Mormon has several helpful references. Nephi definitely shows that "even six hundred years from the time that my father left Jerusalem, a prophet would the Lord God raise up among the Jews—even a Messiah, or in other words, a Savior of the world." (1 Nephi 10:4; compare I Nephi 19:8; 2 Nephi 25:19) The Nephite scripture records the fact that Lehi and his family were commanded by the Lord to leave Jerusalem "in the commencement of the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah." (1 Nephi 1:4; 2:2-4) Zedekiah's reign must have commenced, therefore, about three years earlier than ordinarily supposed. The fulfilment of the Nephite prophets' predictions are recorded in 3 Nephi 1:1-21. One should read also in this connection the prophecy of Samuel, the Lamanite. (Helaman 14:2-7) The Nephite people were given a marvelous sign of Christ's birth which occurred according to our reckoning in the year B. C. 1. The Doctrine and Covenants (20:1) seems to point out even the day of Christ's birth. "The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in

the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeable to the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God, in the fourth month, and on the sixth day of the month which is called April." The exact date of Christ's birth is thus set on April 6, B. C. 1. Some people may feel this contribution to be of little importance. We feel that any contribution made to our knowledge of the Christ is of value. The consecrated labors of thousands of scholars are a testimony to that opinion.

2. *The Problem of the Virgin Birth.*—In times past comparatively few people doubted the simple straightforward stories of the birth of Christ as related in the gospels of Matthew and Luke. While there have been those through the centuries who have been doubters, it is within comparatively recent times that the scepticism has become so pronounced. From some recent books on early Christian history one would almost glean the idea that the Palestinian of Christ's day, indeed most of the peoples of the Mediterranean world, were living in a fool's paradise of supernaturalism. Examples are cited from the literature paralleling practically every miracle mentioned in the New Testament, including Christ's miraculous birth. The conclusion we are supposed to draw is that the gospel stories simply reflect the naive and crude thinking of the day. We doubt not the individual examples brought forward to sustain this point of view, but we do very seriously doubt that Christ's followers were much less stable in their views of life than we are today. The chances are that they were very much like ourselves. Even if this were not so, there is no definite proof that Christ was not born in the manner stated by Matthew and Luke. Aside from all this we have the assurance of the Book of Mormon that Christ was born in the manner mentioned by the gospels. Nephi's vision in which he was shown a virgin "bearing a child in her arms" leaves us with little doubt in the matter. (1 Nephi 11:13-21) But there can be no doubt when Abinadi tells us that the Son of God was "conceived by the power of God" (Mosiah 15:3), or when Alma makes the explicit statement that "he shall be born of Mary, at Jerusalem which is the land of our forefathers, she being a virgin, a precious and chosen vessel, who shall be overshadowed and conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, and bring forth a son, yea, even the Son of God." (Alma 7:10) These inspired statements are of great value to us.

3. *Where Was The Savior Baptized?* Most scholars of the present day believe the Savior was baptized in the river Jordan at a place called Bethany. If one will read the Revised Version of the Bible or some other modern translation as John 1:28, he will discover that the reading "Bethabara" of the King James version has been changed to "Bethany." Unfortunately, none of the other gospels gives us a check on the name of the place where John was baptizing. All Matthew 3:13 says is, "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." Many ancient manuscripts read "Bethany," others "Bethabara." Origen, one of the early Church fathers, states that he himself changed the readings of some ancient manuscripts from Bethany to Bethabara, because he had made a visit to Palestine and had found no Bethany beyond Jordan, but only the one that was near Jerusalem. Now, in view of the conflicting evidence, how are we to know the name of the place where John baptized the Christ?

Here, again, the Book of Mormon comes to our rescue. Nephi, in speaking of the prophecies of his father Lehi, refers to a "prophet who should come before the Messiah, to prepare the way of the Lord" and then says, "And my father said he should baptize in Bethabara, beyond Jordan; and he also said he should baptize with water; even that he should baptize the Messiah with water." (See 1 Nephi 10:7-10.)

4. *Did The Savior Perform Miracles?* In last year's theology lessons one lesson was devoted to the miracles of Christ. We shall not at this point, therefore, spend much time in considering them except to point out the contribution our modern scriptures make in reference to their reality. The general trend of thought in our day, it will be remembered, is to discredit the performance of miracles by Christ and to attribute the New Testament accounts to the unusual supernaturalism rampant at the time of their writing. With this thought the Book of Mormon emphatically does not agree. Thus, Nephi in a vision of the future reports, "I beheld the Lamb of God going forth among the children of men. And I beheld multitudes of people who were sick, and who were afflicted with all manner of diseases, and with devils and unclean spirits; and the angel spake and showed all these things unto me. And they were healed by the power of the Lamb of God; and the devils and the unclean spirits were cast out." (I Nephi 11:31.) King Benjamin spoke of the Christ who "shall go forth amongst men, working mighty miracles, such as healing the sick, raising the dead, causing the lame to walk, the blind to receive their sight, and the deaf to hear, and curing all manner of diseases." (See Mosiah 3:5, 6.) In the light of modern thought the Book of Mormon thus gives a distinct contribution.

We shall consider other contributions in the following lesson.

Questions

1. Why is it important for Latter-day Saint parents to understand the current trends of religious thought?
2. Why have the people of the Church, generally speaking, not investigated the possible contributions of our modern scriptures to an understanding of the life and teaching of Christ?
3. In what way would it be inconsistent for Latter-day Saints to deny that the Christ performed miracles?
4. Why can we not fully appreciate the contributions of our modern scriptures without knowing the religious thought of our day?

Problems

Treat only those that time and circumstances will permit.

1. Discuss the following statement made by a prominent writer. "The Christians' Bible is rich in miracles. Supernaturalism runs like a scarlet thread through the whole book from Genesis to Revelation. For centuries this phenomenon was contemplated with entire satisfaction by both laity and clergy. But in modern times a different way of thinking has been gaining favor."
2. Let the class read 1 Nephi 19:10-17, 23 and point out contributions made to our present knowledge.

Teacher's Topic 1937-1938

Introduction

"The building of character is one of the most important things in life. There is no greater task or more profitable undertaking than the improvement of our own lives. Our value to the world must be measured in terms of character. We cannot dream ourselves into a great life or a developed character. We must take hold of ourselves where we are and with well directed effort, patience, and determination, overcome those weaknesses which hold us back." In the building of any structure a plan or pattern is essential. The most perfect character pattern provided mankind is that of Jesus of Nazareth. Everywhere it is looming larger before the eyes of thinking men.

This year we shall study certain traits and dispositions of the Master with a view of increasing our appreciation of this "perfect character" to such an extent that we will strive to be like unto Him. "A character which shines like a pillar of light is the world's greatest sermon and most powerful influence for good."

Lesson 1

The Strength of Jesus

Yearly Aim: "To study the Master with a view of incorporating in our own lives His character traits."

"To believe in Jesus is to imitate Him."

It is God that girdeth me with strength and maketh my way perfect.—Psalms 18:32.

"The good commander is not imperious,
The good fighter is not wrathful,
The greatest conqueror does not wage war."

HE is strongest who rules by influence. For nineteen centuries the influence of the Christ has been spreading across oceans and continents, growing with the years until today his name is held in reverence by millions. The meek and lowly Nazarene, born of humble parents, never held a position of State nor ever raised or led an army. As he lived among men he held no position of power or prestige. He drew his followers largely from among fishermen and country folk. He devoted only three years of his life to active teaching. Yet he has been "a power mightier than the legions of Caesar or the wisdom of the greatest school."

The great strength of Jesus is not only apparent in retrospect. Those who lived in his day, saw his face, heard his voice, bear testimony of it.

John, the Baptist, was a man mighty among men, but when Jesus presented himself before John to be baptized, John answered, "I have need to be baptized of thee and comest thou to me?"

As Jesus walked by the Sea of Galilee he saw Simon and Andrew fishing, and Jesus said unto them, "Come ye after me and I will make you to become fishers of men." And straightway they forsook their nets and followed Him. In the same manner did James and John follow after Him. To their death these men were most ardent disciples of the Christ. Only one of great strength could have drawn and held men thus.

As Jesus taught in the synagogue at Capernaum many listened to Him

and followed Him. He was like a man among other men, a friend to all—The words which He taught were not wholly new. But the people were astonished at His doctrine for His word was with power.

Another illustration of the power of Jesus is the estimate people placed upon Him when Jesus asked, "Whom do men say that I am?" And they answered, "Some say thou art John the Baptist; some Elias; and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets." They compared Him with great ones who had gone before. This is remarkable. "The name of no man living was great enough to convey their idea of the strength they felt resided in Jesus."

When the Roman officials came to arrest Him and asked Him if He was indeed Jesus of Nazareth and He said, "I am," they fell backward to the ground.

The greatest proof however of the strength of Jesus is the intensity with which men both hated and loved Him—"He moved among people like a gentle current yet wherever He went He stirred and agitated human society to its depths." He was hated until they crucified Him and He kindled a devotion that has burned for 19 centuries.

The great strength of Jesus lay in the divinity of His nature and His central theme was righteousness and the brotherhood of man. He expected the best in humanity and staked His faith preeminently upon the individual. He leads each one to search his own soul for the divinity within him; to grow strong through faith in God and service to mankind; through self-mastery; through the exercise of patience, kindliness, love, purity of thought and action. "It is God that girdeth me with strength and maketh my way perfect."—Psalm 18:32.

In the preparation of these lessons *The Character of Jesus* by Jefferson, has been most helpful.

References:—Matt. 3:14; Mark 1:16-20; Luke 4:31; Matt. 16:13-14. Jefferson—*Character of Jesus.*

Questions

1. Give further examples of the strength of the Savior.
2. How may strength of character be developed?
3. Analyze the character of the prophet Joseph Smith; Brigham Young; Heber J. Grant. Show wherein their strength lies.
4. What usually makes for strength in leadership?

Literature

LESSON 1

SACAGAWEA

SOME people may wonder why a half-savage Indian woman's biography should be selected for study in a course of this sort. The defense offered, if a defense is needed, is that nobility should be recognized wherever it is found.

Sacagawea was an Indian woman who lived in this land of ours and who had an important role to play in the winning of the West.

Sacagawea takes her place among the very few Indian women of America whose works brought them into notice if not renown.

In studying biography as literature, we shall attempt to do two things: become acquainted with the

character whose biography we are studying and with the author of the biography, by noting her manner and method of presenting her character. A biography, if it is to lay claim to literary value, must be well written and must present the life in question in a convincing manner.

Sacagawea, a Shoshoni maiden, was born in what is now Idaho about the year 1785. Nobody knows exactly where or when. However, a monument has been erected at what has been selected as her birth-place in the Salmon River country and calculations have led historians to believe that she was born about the date suggested.

Accident—or was it the inscrutable workings of a higher power—placed this slender Indian girl in the path of an epic expedition and made her a most important character in the drama that took place during the years 1804-05.

Mrs. Hueston's romance of the Lewis and Clark expedition begins with this girl at the age of about 13. While she calls her story a romance, we must not forget that it is built upon facts gleaned from the journals of the party and from her own experience in traversing the route taken by the explorers.

The author says in her foreword: "I ought not to call myself the author of this book. It was really written by six dead heroes, Americans all. Their names were Lewis and Clark, Floyd, Ordway, Whitehouse and Gass. I have merely novelized the original journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition—*America's Epic of Exploration.*"

The Shoshonis, according to the story, had gone over the mountains to the east in search of game for their winter's supply of meat and clothing and wigwams when they were attacked by the Minitarees, a tribe of Indians of the North. Sacagawea was taken prisoner. As young as she was, however, she had already been betrothed to White Bear, an Indian much older than herself. He had bound the betrothal while she was yet an infant by giving her father a mule and a good horse.

Mrs. Hueston's description of the girl on page 13 of the book, is well done although, of course, we must remember that the description has been novelized.

The naming of the Shoshoni girl Bird-Woman—Sacagawea—is interestingly presented. When Wild Crow, the Minitaree brave, took the girl to his camp, he told his squaw, Cold Flower, that he had brought her a fish. He called the little girl a fish because he had caught her in a stream of water whither she ran in an attempt to escape. When, however, he dismounted and went to assist the little girl to the ground, she, who had lived all her life with horses, sprang to her feet on the horse's back and leaped to the ground unassisted.

"The big Minitaree roared with laughter," says Mrs. Hueston.

" 'Did I say it was a fish I brought!' he ejaculated. 'This is no fish. It is a bird I have caught you. See, she flies! she flies like a bird. She is a Bird-Woman.'

"The delighted squaw shook with chuckling laughter.

" 'Tsakaka-wea!' She repeated. 'She is a Bird-Woman.'

"And so they called their little maiden Sacagawea, Bird-Woman."

See page 22.

Sacagawea was happy in the home of the Minitaree, but not for long. There the house was better than she had been used to, the beds were different but more comfortable, and the food was more plentiful. She had accustomed herself to living, though a slave girl, in the home of Wild Crow and Cold Flower when fortune's wheel made another turn and

she became slave-wife to Charbonneau.

This shift of fortune was tragic, but it was important. Had she not made this change she might never have been taken on the Lewis and Clark expedition and they might never have succeeded in crossing the Shining Mountains.

While Sacagawea's life was undergoing the changes noted, Lewis and Clark were preparing to ascend the Missouri River in order to explore the new Louisiana Purchase for President Thomas Jefferson. These two young men were close friends though they were quite different in personality. Lewis was known as a dandy—a Sublime Dandy—while Clark was more practical. Lewis was given the higher rank, but he insisted that for the trip Clark was to be his equal and was to be called Captain.

" 'There is no Lewis Expedition,' said Lewis sternly. 'It is Lewis and Clark, once and for all. Whether we come back in the glory of success, or whether we find a place of rest in some happy-hunting-ground of the Northwest—it will always be Lewis and Clark.' He smiled suddenly, a warm engaging smile. 'Damon and Pythias,' he said. 'David and Jonathan, Lewis and Clark. We are the third in a great triumvirate of friendship.' "

The expedition in three boats left Camp DuBoise at 4 p. m. May 14, 1804, and started slowly up the Missouri River bent upon going where white men had never been before.

This party, after spending months on the yellow Missouri, came at last to the Mandan towns in what is now North Dakota, where they remained for the winter. Here they met Charbonneau, an interpreter, and learned that one of his wives was a Shoshoni girl. They were immediately interested for it would be necessary for them to pass through the Shoshoni country where they hoped they would be able to establish friendly relations and secure horses with which to carry themselves and their belongings over the Shining Mountains.

Charbonneau, eager to be engaged as interpreter for the party, sent his handsomest wife—Sacagawea—with gifts for the white strangers. Her meeting with Lewis and Clark is well told by Mrs. Hueston: "Accompanied by another Indian girl—Little Rabbit—Sacagawea presented herself at the fort and said they had called with presents for the white chiefs. Lewis and Clark, determined to make friends with the Indians, invited the two women in.

"With the swift keen glance of the Indian, she (Sacagawea) took in the entire businesslike room: its tables, its benches, its strange shining instruments. She saw Lewis coming from his papers at his desk with a sigh and a polite, conventional smile. And she saw Clark! Saw the friendly, honest blue eyes; the firm kind lips; the bright hair tossed back on his forehead. Her breath came quickly. This was a great chief! Stirred as she had never been in all her young life, trembling, but undaunted, she presented the robes.

" 'With compliments,' she said faintly."

Then ensued a conversation between the white chiefs and the little strange squaw and they found in her intelligence and learned of her nationality. They asked about the Snake Indians and learned that these girls were of them. Realizing that they could not take the girl away from her husband, they immediately engaged Charbonneau as guide with the stipulation that the worthless fellow was to take his Shoshoni wife along with him.

During the weeks that followed, Sacagawea gave birth to her first

child, who was also to make the trip over the Shining Mountains and down to the great Western Sea riding most of the time on his mother's capable back.

"At four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon the expedition left Mandan." On board the largest boat was Sacagawea, the Indian slave-girl, envied of all the Indian women in the place.

"Dressed in her handsomest leather skirt, with the longest and neatest fringe, wearing her embroidered collar and her tinkling earrings, Sacagawea stood erect in the stern of the white pirogue, the baby dosing at her back. It was the hour of her triumph."

Sacagawea had met her crisis and was safely on the road to immortality as well as to the Great Sea beyond the Shining Mountains.

The quotations in this lesson "From *Star of the West,* By Ethel Hueston, Copyright 1935, Used by Special Permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company."

Suggestions for Class Presentation

1. Maps will add interest to this and the following two lessons. Road maps will do, if no others are available. These maps could be marked as the party progresses up the river.

2. Some one might be asked to make a brief report upon the Louisiana Purchase.

3. Characterize the following by reading passages from the book or other books about them: Lewis, Clark, Sacagawea, Charbonneau, the Missouri River.

4. If there is a woman in the class who has known Indians well, it might be interesting to have her tell of experiences with them.

5. Give an estimate of Ethel Hueston's ability at presenting places and people in an interesting manner. Give examples of her insight by reading passages from the book.

6. Other books which might be helpful, if available: *Red Mother,* by Frank B. Linderman; *Dona Marina,* by George Gardner, *Improvement Era,* Jan., 1933, Page 153; *The Story of the Red Man,* by Flora Warren Seymour; Tudor Publishing Co., New York.

Social Service

Lesson 1

Independence Through Cooperation

Text: "Civic Sociology," by Edward A. Ross, Chapter XX.

COOPERATION is a very important aspect of social welfare. But the term itself implies a certain amount of personal curtailment in favor of group organization, while independence presupposes freedom. Independence is one of the fundamental traits of human nature, therefore the spirit of cooperation cannot thrive in a democratic society unless it contributes to this trait. Because it is difficult to understand how independence can be gained through personal sacrifice for mutual benefit, the ideal of cooperation is difficult to project upon the popular mind, and it is still more so to attain. But in the modern world all life is dependent for its actual existence upon the closely interwoven activities of society. There is no part of the social fabric which is not contingent upon this condition. Therefore cooperation is vital to life. Naturally greater independence can be achieved through a recognition of this vital necessity than through its ignoring.

The relation of independence to cooperation makes an interesting study.

Our text describes independence as a state of mind which has nothing to do with the fact that one happens to be employed. It is a feeling of satisfaction which arises from a state of well-being toward life. Such a state is not fostered by the hatred which arises from an attempt to surpass others by means of selfish competition or to subdue them through the force of conflict. Both conditions are negative and destructive to Independence because they destroy the feeling and the state of well-being if one is alive and sensitive to the welfare of others. Neither contributes to the spirit of independence as described or to a cooperative society. This lesson will attempt to show how cooperation contributes to independence, or freedom from strife. The following points will be developed:

1. The importance of cooperation in all of life's activities as a means to independence.

2. The means of developing the cooperative spirit in economic, spiritual, social, and intellectual life.

The desire for independence exists in all people. Many persons think of this quality only in relation to its political meaning; others regard it as a matter of economic life. But independence has numerous applications to life situations. Among other standpoints it may be interpreted from an economic, spiritual, social, and intellectual point of view. Independence in all of these phases is highly desirable, but since each is subject to different implications in the minds of different people, a general definition of each will be given here for the purpose of discussion, and their means of attainment will be indicated.

Economic independence is freedom from financial worry as achieved on the economic level that is commensurate with one's earning capacity.

A state of comfortable economic independence was rather easy to attain in the early history of all American pioneering. It was achieved by a remarkably high percentage of colonizers and settlers in the agrarian state of society. Fathers, mothers, and children worked together as one for the common good of the family. Industrial depressions, loss of foreign markets, and the changing of trade routes were not greatly feared because the economic comfort of a family did not depend upon them. The production of goods was essentially a family matter, or at most a community concern; and that family was happy which could see a supply of goods stored away in its cellar and granary for the needs of its present and near future. Security was a family affair which rested largely upon personal initiative rather than upon group, national, or international relations. This homely economy was conducive to the building of a stable character. It provided an outlet for the spirit of rugged individualism, and it developed many sterling qualities, among which was this cherished feeling of independence through self-sufficiency.

But the population has undergone the great movement from rural to urban life. Agriculture is now only one phase of life. Moreover, it is as closely related to the activities of organization as any other field of living. Farmers are as much dependent upon cooperation in the science of soil-production as are members of densely populated centers dependent upon organization for their living. The former state of personal sufficiency has entirely given way in all walks of life to the necessity for group organization, division of labor, community of action, and harmony

of national and international purposes.

But the need for money is more keenly felt than ever before, because as individual production has decreased the necessity to buy has increased. There is no commodity of daily life for which money has not been exchanged at one stage or another. In this cooperative scheme of production which now exists it seems that many give much in time and labor while others receive most of the profit. But it must be remembered that without the brain of organization the smallest paid employee could receive nothing; and also, that in the cooperative scheme of living the least important position is a vital cog in the scheme.

But how does this condition of cooperation solve the problem of economic independence for the man of small means?

There is a double answer to that question. Firstly: All wages and income, great and small, are absolutely dependent upon the organization of society. Man curtails his independence in order to gain more. But secondly, and of greater importance than this, is another kind of independence which it is well to point out: Insight into any man's life reveals the fact that the man of wealth is hardly less free from economic worry than the low-waged employee. There is a philosophy to be gained from this: Economic independence is not a matter of the amount of money that one has to spend as much as it is a state of mind which frees one from worry. There is a kind of beauty in life to which all men are entitled; it is often plentiful in humble dwellings and frequently lacking in mansions. What one buys is actually of less importance than how one lives, and the feeling with which one spends. Naturally freedom from debt is important to economic independence. But barring disaster, this state can be maintained on a small income. Mass production makes it possible, for which we have to thank the cooperative scheme of life. Independence can thus be gained—and also independence of mind can be gained if we remember that the lad who shines the traveller's windshield at a filling station is of no more and yet of no less importance to the scheme of things than is the man in the tire factory who stands all day long before a rubber press, and that neither he, the traveller, nor the lad could exist without the other, and that none of us could get along without the organizing head. We must also realize that the man at the head who is free from worry and is economically independent because he slaves us to the bone while he reaps the advantage is a myth—he does not exist. Livings are made through cooperative enterprises. Economic independence is a state of mind. Because we can buy advantageously as a result of the cooperation which furthers mass production we can live on our incomes if we will. There is happiness to be found on a very small scale of living; and happiness is independence.

Spiritual independence is no more a matter of standing alone in the interpretation of religion than is the problem of earning a living an individual question. But again there is a seeming contradiction to solve. Spirituality is a personal matter; it pertains to the very core of each person's inmost nature. It springs from the inner life. But it must be remembered that without the organization of religion there would be no soil with which to nurture its growth. Even the great prophets who have founded religions have been dependent upon a higher source than themselves. They have looked to God,

and have received divine revelation and guidance.

Without spirituality no man can call himself an independent being—because he is a slave to fear and earthly convention. But the fact of death makes of man a solitary creature in at least one inexorable way of life; and there are other ways of aloneness to the thinking person. But the presence of spirituality in one's nature gives him communion with higher forces which ease the lonely heart and foster independence because of the feeling of sufficiency which he gains from a sense of harmony with the universe.

Therefore personal sacrifice for the benefit of religious organizations should be counted a great blessing because of the good that one receives from belonging to such cooperative spiritual organizations, and because of the good that one can do for others. Truly, religious organizations are a matter of giving and receiving. The principles of our own gospel are guides to living in accordance to the precepts of the Great Master and our own religious law. By living in harmony with the constituted authorities of the Church and their subordinates who devote themselves to the plans and work of the authorities one gains an understanding of Christianity and Mormonism. Such understanding leads to spiritual independence through the growth of religious knowledge and a testimony of its truth.

No finer example of cooperation can be found than that of two missionaries who represent opposite interests in life and yet who work with one heart and mind while they are engaged in teaching the gospel. When life is so lived a veritable testimony of the truth results which gives to each possessor a feeling of spiritual independence.

Social cooperation is the development of community or national unity of interest towards which great numbers of people are willing to work. This kind of cooperation leads to personal independence because an altruistic effort which furthers the interests of all people fosters an awareness of the common interests of life; and by giving of one's self in devotion to the great social causes, independence is created through the knowledge of having done one's part as well as from the benefits that are reaped through the combined action of cooperative effort. Such an effort should result in social betterment. There is no question that the general health level of a whole nation is raised after a united effort has been made to eradicate such communicable diseases as tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever, small pox, etc. The degree of independence which man gains as a whole is measured by the degree of unity which is attained in the struggle to free humanity from a scourge. Thus both personal and national independence is gained through social cooperation.

Intellectual independence is a highly desirable attainment. It develops confidence and self assurance in the pursuit of one's life goals. It fosters leadership among men, and through leadership society is organized to cultivate intelligence among the great masses of people. In helping the masses to gain a degree of intellectual maturity their contribution to the welfare of society is proportionately increased. Research laboratories bring forth hidden truths of science through cooperative effort. Universities impart knowledge and seek to develop desirable social patterns of life. But neither research laboratories nor universities could exist without the cooperative support of tax-payers, beneficent men of wealth, and community support.

The people of the world are truly

in need of a greater spirit of cooperation in all of life's activities. Industrial, social, intellectual, and even religious life can reach far higher degrees of success when contributing parties actively cooperate for the mutual good of all. It is only through conscious cooperation in all life purposes that the greatest degree of independence may be possible to each individual.

Activities

1. Study some of the conflicts of interest to your community, and endeavor to work out some form of cooperation which would unite the contending parties. Would your solution bring a greater spirit of independence to each side of the controversy?

2. It is said that social progress is measured in part by the discovery of new forms of cooperation. Discuss the statement and illustrate your point of view with local examples.

3. Point out the part which cooperation has played in building up the prestige which the National Woman's Relief Society now enjoys.

Literature for Missions

Typical Women of the Church

WE hear much about what men in the Church have done, not much about the activity of women. This does not mean, however, that the part performed by women is unimportant. The contrary is the truth. The work done by the women of the Church has been of the utmost value, and their faith and devotion to the Church have often been greater than that of their men folk. Very high praise is justly due the women for their loyalty and service.

In the following lessons a consideration will be given to the life activities of five very worthy women. Their lives were lived largely in the quiet and retirement of the home. These women were not exceptional—they were and are typical of many thousands of other worthy women in whose lives are found exemplified in full measure the high qualities that go to make genuine nobility of character—the type of nobility most pleasing to God.

The lives of these women may be studied with great profit by other women. They moved in humble walks of life where the very great majority of women move. Their fidelity, heroism and success cannot fail to be a lofty inspiration to all other good women who are striving to live acceptably to our Father in Heaven.

Lesson 1

Margaret Bach Huefner

Born in Alsace-Lorraine

GOD'S children live in every land and clime. His Gospel—the plan of salvation—is universal, designed for all His sons and daughters wherever they have lived or may live. On hearing the Gospel message some choice souls of many different lands have accepted it. Among those who

did this was Margaret Julia Bach, born July 17, 1881, in Sarreguemine, Alsace-Lorraine.

She was a quiet girl and deeply interested in religious matters. In her early girlhood she read the Bible a great deal and through the influence of one of her brothers became acquainted with various denominational groups. At the age of twelve she was convinced that the Lutheran Church (to which her parents belonged) did not comply with the teachings of the Bible. About that time the Lutheran minister sent her from his class saying, "I will not have a Baptist in my class." She had attended the meetings of the Baptists but was not a member, although several members of the family had joined that denomination.

When she was fifteen, she joined the United Brethren and enjoyed their discussions and gatherings, but she was not satisfied because there were some of their teachings that did not seem to agree with the Bible, and there were many questions concerning religious doctrine which they could not answer.

Four years later, while she was walking along the street, a young man walked up to her and handed her a leaflet. She felt singled out and looked at the leaflet and found that it referred to an unfamiliar religious group, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At home the tract was read several times, and Mother Bach decided to ask a neighbor for more information concerning it. This neighbor was a Latter-day Saint, and in answer to the inquiry of Mother Bach, she sent her husband and a missionary to the Bach home.

After several months' investigation, Margaret, her father, her mother and a sister accepted the message of the Mormon missionary, and they were baptized. Now the persecution began; the minister of the Lutheran Church delighted to persecute the Bach family in the market place while they were trying to sell the produce grown in their truck garden. Many slanders were circulated about them, and they were continually disturbed no matter where they went.

In the Spring of 1903 Margaret left her home in Sarreguemine and came to America. She arrived in Salt Lake City on May 22, 1903, in good health and feeling happy. She was met by friends who made her welcome, and she immediately felt at home. On the Sunday following her arrival, she attended the German meeting where she met further friends, among whom was Brother Frederick Huefner, who had but recently returned from a mission to Germany.

A week after her arrival, she obtained work in a home in the Eighteenth Ward. She attended the various meetings there and found a host of friends among the young people of the Ward. She regularly visited the German meetings each Sunday and found full satisfaction in her Church membership and the assistance given her by her friends.

On December 23, 1903, she married Frederick G. F. Huefner in the Salt Lake Temple. They bought a home and were very happy together. During the first year, before the oldest son was born, she very often went to the Salt Lake Temple to perform ordinance work for the dead. After the first baby was born, her attendance at the Temple was less frequent because the duties of the home required her attention. They were blessed with four children, three boys and one girl. Her husband was very active in his Church duties, and she assisted and accompanied him whenever possible.

On New Year's Day, 1912, her husband suddenly died. He had left

the house in apparent good health to check on some matters pertaining to his daily work and was stricken with a fatal heart attack. However, Sister Huefner's testimony was that all was well in the providence of God and that the Lord would provide for her and assist her in the rearing of her children. Brother Huefner had often remarked that he felt that he would be called upon another mission, and she felt that this was the call for him to perform work in the spirit world. He had done most of the ordinance work in the Temple for his ancestors, and it was now necessary for him to minister and preach unto them.

She was left alone with the four small children; the oldest son was seven years of age and the youngest was eight months old. But with full faith in the Lord she set about to rear her children as she and her husband had planned together. She found that the Lord was with her more than ever, and she was able to care for and rear her family as she desired. She took care of the home, went out as a seamstress to earn money, directed the school activities of the children and carefully guided them in their religious duties. She sewed all of their clothes and made most of their playthings. With the help of her boys she kept the home in proper repair. During those years she came to fully appreciate the teachings of her parents who had taught their children to be frugal and to be good managers. Notwithstanding the training which she had had, there were many problems which she did not know how to solve and then she went to the Lord in prayer and she received the inspiration and assistance to solve them.

As the children grew she had them help her to make a living for the family. After school they sold magazines and daily papers to earn money. As soon as she was old enough the daughter took care of children. One after the other of her children finished grammar school and graduated from high school. They were active in the various organizations of the Church, and they were always found doing something to earn means to sustain themselves. Her oldest son attended the University of Utah for two years and then was called on a mission to Germany. She was extremely happy that her son could go to carry the message of the Gospel to others even as the missionaries had brought the message to her. It was a struggle to take care of the needs of the home and also to send money to her missionary son, but she found that the means were always provided. On several occasions she obtained enough work just a few days before she planned to send a letter to him, which provided her with the necessary amount to send to him to pay his expenses.

Her oldest son returned from his mission in the Fall of 1927, and in 1930 the next son also went on a mission to Germany. During this time, too, she worked and planned to assist him in his missionary work, and she was happy to render this service.

Her children all received a good education and are all well employed in daily work. They are happily married, and she now has four grandsons. The oldest son is a member of a Bishopric and the other two boys are active in various Priesthood and Auxiliary organizations. Her daughter is President of the Relief Society in the Ward in which she is resident.

During all these years Sister Huefner has regularly attended her meetings and has taken part in the Relief Society and other organizations in the Ward. She took her children with her to Sacrament

meetings and saw that they were tidily dressed when they went to Sunday School or Mutual or when they went to other necessary meetings.

Sister Huefner is truly grateful for the blessings which have come to her. She has been sustained and helped in her problems by the Lord, and she praises His name for the joys and experiences that have come to her. She is unwavering in her testimony that the true Gospel was brought to her and that she has experienced the blessings of the Lord and the inspiration of His Spirit during all of her life.

Her neighbors, associates and friends admire her for her integrity and humble spirit and for the courage and faith which she had in rearing her family. They love to associate with her. Her children honor her and are grateful for the teachings which she implanted in their hearts and that she assisted them, by precept and example, to gain a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Questions for Discussion

1. Relate how Margaret Bach Huefner came to join the L. D. S. Church.

2. Tell why you think she was religiously inclined.

3. The Gospel as taught by L. D. S. Missionaries is in harmony with the Bible. Give illustrations of this truth.

4. State how you think Sister Huefner got her testimony of the divinity of the Gospel as taught by the Elder.

5. In what ways may a testimony be obtained?

6. In what ways did Sister Huefner overcome discouragement and solve perplexities?

7. State how her faith in prayer was justified.

8. Tell why she was a good mother.

9. What correct principles of child-training did she use?

10. Point out the nobility in her character.

11. What high moral and spiritual qualities did she exhibit?

12. Wherein does her strength of character lie?

Child Guidance

Lesson I

Social Behavior

PERSONALITY grows out of the need people have for getting along with each other. It is what the individual learns in the give and take of everyday contact with others. A hermit who has no society with his fellows has very little or a poor personality, while the statesman whose great business is to influence and control others has a strong personality. He knows how to manipulate the people he deals with because he understands their needs as well as his own.

In the infant, personality begins to appear when he learns that crying will bring his mother to the cradle side. This kind of control over the mother is essentially of the same nature as that of the polished adult who uses all of the arts and graces of polite society to promote great business deals or to foster the fine friendships and loyalty that make our social lives secure and satisfying.

Smiling is one of the most powerful tools for controlling people. The person who can pull himself together

and smile in a tense moment saves himself much trouble. The infant, who is more interested in people than in things, smiles by the end of his second month when adults approach him. He squeals and babbles at them by the time he is eight months old. Expressions of interest in the presence of an adult result from the fact that people have always been associated with the satisfying of his wants. At about six months, the child responds with laughter to bodily stimulation, and at seven months he laughs when toys are presented.

Normally a child does not have much interest in the welfare of others until he is two to five years of age. At two years, children have ordinarily begun to play in pairs, but not cooperatively. The child's interest is directed more to what the other child has that can be appropriated to his own use than in the other child himself. However, between three and five years there is a gradual increase in the number of children who gather voluntarily into groups for play, groups of five being the most common if that many are available.

Children under two years care nothing about the age of their playmates, but between two and twelve years there is a preference for those of the same age and sex.

If observation were made of children of all ages, children who are obstinate or negativistic would be found more frequently at ages two to four years than at any other period. This point was mentioned in a previous lesson on temper tantrums, in which it was pointed out that the child goes about on its feet at this age and is trying to get control of the new world to which his feet bring him. He is also beginning to get control of the larger social world through language. But because he has not yet gained complete control over the new objects and people, he is inclined to be obstinate and to throw temper tantrums for want of a better way out. The tantrum frequently brings what he cannot acquire through any other method and is retained as a social habit because of its great usefulness.

Boastfulness reaches a peak at age ten or twelve years for most children, which indicates that the child is inclined to compensate or substitute for a sense of inadequacy just before he launches into the early stages of adulthood.

Children have no inborn ideas about how to get along with people. They must learn to handle people by the same painful route that they learned that fire burns. But to learn the social value of various acts—and every child tries literally thousands of ways of getting along with people—is more difficult than to learn how to handle a bicycle or an electric train. With material things the consequences are generally clear and invariable; but in handling people the result of a given act is often vague and varies with the person it is directed towards and the effect on the same person is often different at different times. The lad who has just learned at school that flipping a paper wad at a comrade brings a volley of laughter, is struck with consternation when his newspaper-reading father sees nothing funny in paper wads.

In other words, the "score changes" from person to person and the child is in a constant dilemma to know what to do under each new social circumstance. When we reflect upon the number of social contacts and adjustments a child makes in an ordinary day, we can see how his personality habits are acquired. He learns to interpret the facial and vocal expressions of people, he learns many of the rules of regulated living, he learns a respect for the welfare of other people, and thus his person-

ality grows as he acquires the cultural controls his group imposes upon him.

The home, of course, is the great laboratory for building personality. If the example set by parents is poor, the children will suffer. Parents often criticize in the children the very conduct of which they have been guilty themselves.

Relations between children themselves may have a profound effect on their personality growth. The younger sister of a domineering child may lack normal qualities of leadership and may always be timid and lack self confidence because the older sister has always assumed the responsibility of making all of the decisions. On the other hand, the dominated child may compensate by becoming very overbearing herself and obstinate to the extreme.

The 'only child' has his own peculiar difficulties. He is frequently pampered and protected, and becomes the emotional outlet for parents (or grandparents) who have no other. The importance of the child's needs are paramount in the home, much to the injury of his personality, for when he attempts to adjust socially out of the home he is woefully lost and must learn new ways of getting along.

A child's social experience should be guided so that on the whole it will be pleasant to him, but not at the expense of others. Severe embarrassment at the first attempt to enter into new relations with people often makes children timid. Timidity in turn makes the child avoid social contacts and deprives him of the personality development which comes only from many efforts to find his way among people.

An extreme example will illustrate this point. A child of nine years was brought to a psychological clinic because he was doing poor school work. He was taken to a room for an individual verbal examination to determine if he had the intellectual ability to do the work of his grade in school. In spite of tactful attempts to draw him out, he steadfastly refused to talk. Finally, a non-verbal, jig-saw puzzle type of test was brought in. The boy immediately took great interest in the new task and his cooperation was perfect throughout the examination. But this test did not require him to say anything. His mentality was perfectly normal; yet after two hours of interesting work at the test, the boy still had not and would not speak a word. It was learned that he would not ever speak in school, and yet his school work was fairly good except for that one difficulty. He spoke about school when he was at home and with other children, but he would not answer any questions or talk at all in the presence of strange adults. Further study revealed that the child, always somewhat timid around older brothers, had entered the first grade under great emotional strain; he would not respond and was promptly threatened and every effort was made to force him to speak. This was a bitter experience, and was perhaps often repeated the more resistant he became. Children probably made fun of his timidity around the playgrounds. To speak before adults or strangers became so unpleasant that he could not even be tricked into saying a word.

Severe unpleasantness affects the child's participation in group activity and perhaps has much to do with the trend of his entire personality development. Unscrupulous strangers who frighten children sometimes do irreparable harm.

Only practice in social situations will enable one to learn how to make those fine distinctions which mark

the considerate, well-liked, and socially desirable adult. Children should be given many contacts with all ages of people, particularly those of their own age.

Timidity is not the only defect that may develop in the attitude of the child toward the group. Overbearing children are common and equally as unsuccessful socially when they become adults. Placing of such a child in a group where he cannot hold the center of the stage on all occasions may help to balance him. More success will be found, however, by attempting to see what lies behind his aggressiveness. Often it will be found that the child is covering up some inadequacy he senses in some other phase of his personality, such as failure to excel in school work. (This problem will be treated more in detail in a subsequent lesson on "Personality Adjustments".) An understanding parent can be of considerable help by showing how friends and general favor with other children are lost when the child persists in pushing the others aside and never giving them a chance at being in the center of the stage.

Group games are accepted, next to intimate family relations, as the most promising means of developing personality in the child. Vigorous activity, respect for the rights of others, ability to follow rules of the game, and ability to work cooperatively for a common aim are factors of value in most phases of life. Group games are the best remedy for the timid and withdrawn child, if the games are well regulated and the child is wisely introduced into them.

Problems for Discussion

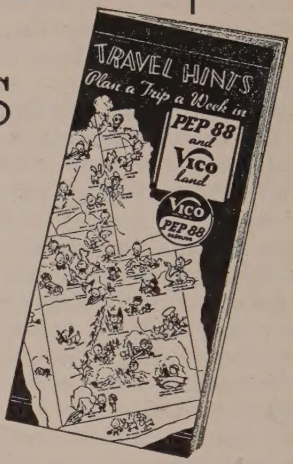
1. Show what value the following particular habits have in helping one to get along with other people:
   a. A pleasing, well modulated, conversational voice.
   b. A genuine smile and ready laugh.
   c. Careful avoidance of too frequent use of personal pronoun "I".
   d. Effective methods of working, appearance of being a useful person.
   e. An intelligent insistence on not being pushed aside or being imposed upon by more aggressive people.
   f. Eagerness to be center of the stage on occasion, but recognition of the same right for others.
2. To what extent do you think personality (including disposition) can be changed? How?
3. Show how shyness and timidity result from unpleasant early social experience.
4. What would you do to help a child who has become very shy? For one who is overbearing in a group?

PEACE

By Claire Stewart Boyer

Peace can come only to a quiet heart,
Allay thy strife—
And trust a far infinity
Instead of life!

NEW SIGHTS
and
NEW DELIGHTS



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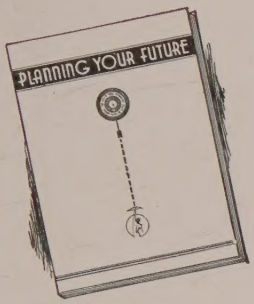

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